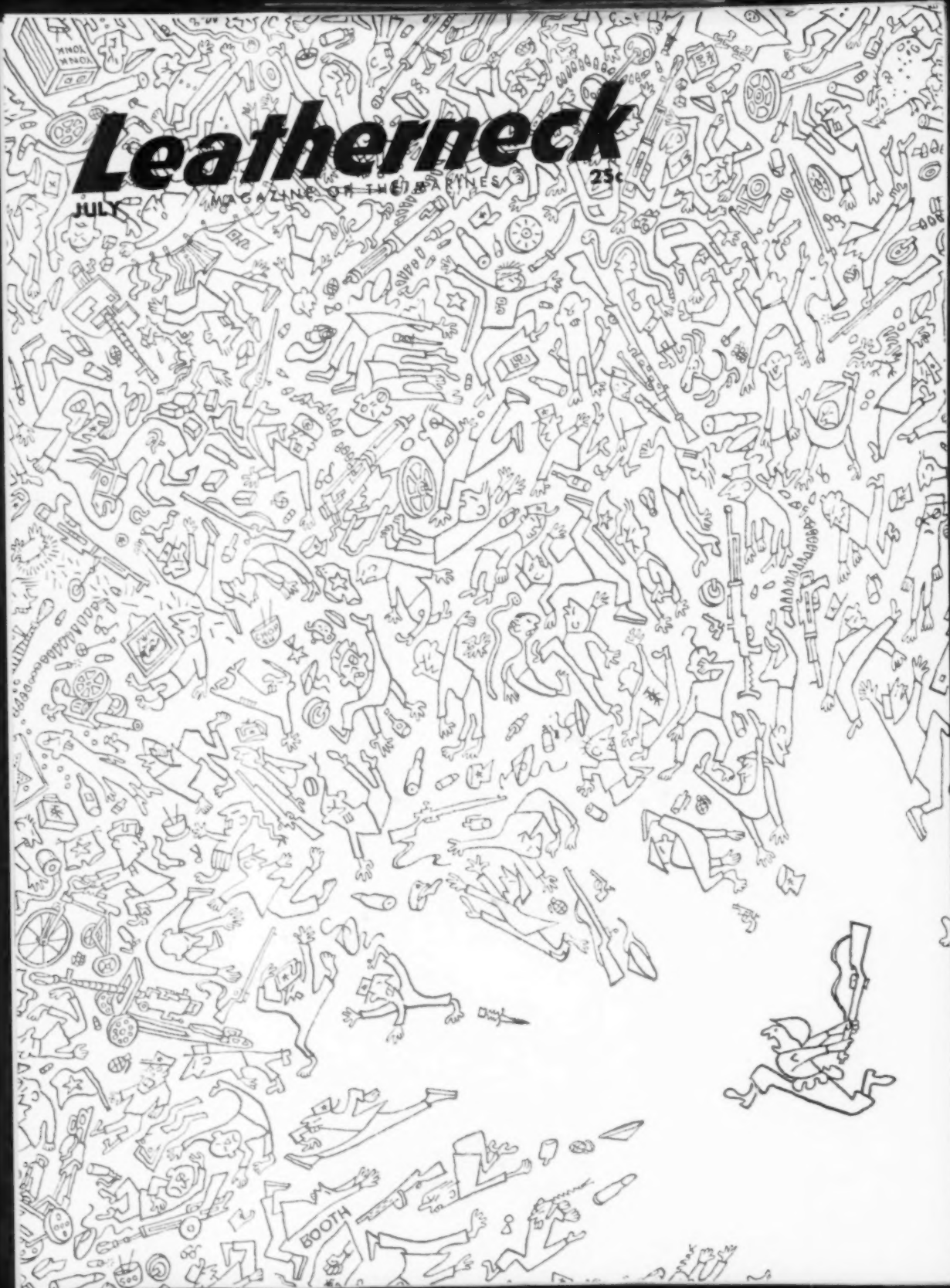


Leatherneck

JULY

MAGAZINE OF THE BATTLE

25¢



"I've been to Milwaukee, I ought to know..."

Blatz is Milwaukee's Finest Beer!"

says

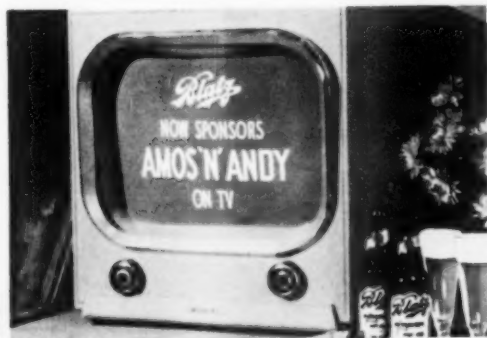
William Fargan

Celebrated screen star who has won new laurels on radio and television as "Martin Kane, Private Eye"

• "You don't have to be a 'private eye' to recognize the superiority of Milwaukee beers," says William Fargan. "And you don't have to visit Milwaukee, as I often do, to know, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that Blatz is Milwaukee's finest beer! Compare Blatz with any beer, anywhere, and you'll find that it's my favorite—and Milwaukee's favorite because it's Milwaukee's finest beer!" Yes—official figures show that Blatz is the largest-selling beer in Milwaukee and all Wisconsin, too. Try Blatz Beer, today!



• The "private eye," in private life, is an avid fisherman. Here in the Milwaukee home of Dick Greiner, he discusses the best equipment for fishing Wisconsin's fine lakes. Both agree, Blatz Beer is a prime essential for real fishing pleasure.



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Aircraft Division
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Fairchild Engine, Guided Missiles, and Stratost Divisions, Farmingdale, N. Y.

U.S. Marines Watch In Awe As Big Bridge Floats Down

World's First Air Dropped Bridge Spans Carried By 119's To Chosin Reservoir Battle

HQS, FEAF CARCOM, (A.T.)
The world's first air drop of a
bridge was made today by aircraft
of the FEAF's Combat Cargo
Command, was eight spans total-
ing 16 tons were parachuted near
Kotori-Ri in North Korea.

United States Marines, fighting
bitterly against hordes of Chinese
Communist Troops in the frozen
north, gazed up in awe as the
huge C-119 "Flying Boxcars" of
the 314th Combat Cargo Wing
broke through an overcast and
spilled out the huge pieces of
equipment. Large 100 foot para-
chutes supported the spans as they
drifted slowly down, landing near
the determined leathernecks.

Mission successful, pilots re-
turning to this air base, stat-

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THE LEATHERNECK, JULY, 1951

VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 7

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SOUND OFF

Edited by

TSgt. Elmer E. III

WE NEED A "COCKY" HAT

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading SSgt. J. M. Perry's letter, "We Were Not Beaten," and I say, "Make that man a Gunnery Sergeant," for he expresses the Seventh Regiment's sentiments exactly. But I would like to add a few comments of my own.

When we men of the First Marine Division get rotated and are out on liberty back in the States, let's praise all the outfits. Don't swear that Charley Company or the second squad of the first platoon of Easy Company or that the Fifth Marines fought this or that battle single-handed. The First Division is a team, a compact fast-moving machine of fighters. The Reds recognize this fact and we should too. So remember when we throw down a couple of beers and start fighting this or that action over again, don't start sounding off about how your company always was on the point or up on the high ground fighting, while other outfits were eating steaks and drinking beer in the rear. We're a hot outfit, loyal and closely knit, up on the front. Let's keep it that way on the home front too.

I'd like to add one more comment. Strictly my own, perhaps, but a lot of the other boys over here have voiced the same opinion. It's this: . . . We were "showed up" once. I refer to the British Marine Commandos at Hagaru and Koto-ri. Those boys for the first time in Marine Corps history out-dressed us. Those snappy green tams

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

SERGEANT George Booth, this month's cover artist, has dreams about "waves of enemy troops" rolling over his foxhole. In typical Marine defiance, his Pfc clobbers a battalion of Reds and it's no dream.

We ask just enough of
your time to say...

If you want
a Treat
instead of a
Treatment...

I smoke

Old Gold



BULLETIN BOARD

Engagement Stars

ENGAGEMENT Stars for Korean Service Medal have been authorized for participation in combat operations. One star has been awarded for participation in each of the following:

(a) North Korean aggression, period June 27, 1950, through November 2, 1950.

(b) Communist China aggression, period November 3, 1950, through date to be announced.

(c) Inchon landing, period September 13, 1950, through September 17, 1950.

New Duty Stations

THIRTEEN Marine Corps general officers will be assigned new duty stations by 15 August according to a recent Headquarters announcement. Those to be transferred are: Major General Alfred H. Noble, CG, MBKS, Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to command of the Department of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., about mid-June.

Major General Henry D. Linscott, from office in Chief of Naval Operations to duty as director of Marine Corps Landing Force Development Center, Quantico, Virginia. General Linscott will be succeeded in his present assignment by Brigadier General Randolph McC. Pate, director of the Marine Corps Education Center at Quantico.

Major General Christian F. Schilt, present chief of staff, Fleet Marine Force, Atlantic, at Norfolk, Va., will take command of the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing in Korea the latter part of July. He will be succeeded by Brigadier General Frank H. Lamson-Scribner, present assistant director of aviation at Headquarters Marine Corps.

Brigadier General Leonard E. Rea, depot quartermaster at Philadelphia, will be detached August 15 to Headquarters Marine Corps as executive officer for the supply department.

Brigadier General John T. Selden, deputy camp commander of Camp Lejeune, N. C., and Brigadier General William S. Fellers, CG, Troop Training Unit, Pacific, at Coronado, Calif., will

exchange commands about July 1, 1951.

Brigadier General William J. Whaling, assistant commander of the second Marine Division at Camp Lejeune, was transferred to Korea during May to relieve Brigadier General Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller as assistant commander of the first Marine Division.

Gen. Puller returned to Camp Pendleton to organize and train the new third Marine Brigade.

Brigadier General James A. Stuart, chief of staff at Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., will become director of the Marine Corps Education Center at Quantico when directed by the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

Brigadier General James P. Riseley, professor of Naval Science at Princeton University, will succeed Gen. Stuart as chief of staff of Marine Corps Schools at Quantico in July.

Brigadier General Robert O. Bare, chief of staff for the Marine Corps Education Center, Quantico, reported about mid-June to Marine Barracks, Camp Pendleton, as deputy commander and chief of staff.

Release of Reserves

THE Marine Corps has announced details of its plan to release most all of its reservists from active duty and return them to their homes by 30 June 1952. This will release some 5400 officers and 58,500 enlisted members of the Volunteer and Organized Marine Corps Reserve.

Top priority for release will go to veterans. Second to be released will be the non-veterans who were serving in the reserve prior to the Korean fighting; and third, those who voluntarily joined the reserve for immediate assignment to extended active duty since the outbreak in Korea. Within each priority, personnel will be released on a first in, first out basis.

Veterans are those who served in the armed services of the United States or its allies for 90 days or more between December 7, 1941, and September 16, 1945; for 12 months or more between September 16, 1940, and June 24, 1948; or for three years or more prior to July

1, 1951. Also included in the top priority are enlisted personnel who will be 26 years of age or more before July 1, 1951.

Second lieutenants and non-veteran officers are excepted from these priority categories. Due to the urgent need for junior officers and the completion of the training minimum, they will be retained on active duty for 21 months.

Local commanding officers have been granted authority to approve requests from enlisted reservists to remain on active duty beyond their normal release dates. Each reservist may choose the month of his release to complete a tour of between 21 and 36 months on extended active duty.

On 29 April the Marine Corps announced a program whereby qualified enlisted reservists may join the regular Marine Corps without loss of rank or precedence. Due to uncertainty over the future regular officer strength of the Marine Corps, no such integration program for reserve officers can be offered at this time. Reserve officers desiring to remain on extended active duty may request an extension specifying the month they desire release, for a total tour of between 21 and 36 months on extended active duty.

In order to make planning information available, all requests for retention on active duty beyond normal release dates must be made before July 1, 1951.

Reserve officers attending formal schools normally will be retained until completion of their studies. Enlisted reservists may request to remain on active duty to finish such courses.

THE STRAIGHT DOPE

Part II

This is the second installment of *Marine Corps Bulletin Number 4-51* which *Leatherneck* will print in entirety. The bulletin is intended to answer the many questions on Marine Corps policies concerning separation, assignment, promotion, relief from active duty, etc., which have come into Headquarters in the form of letters which must be checked and answered. We

believe that the availability of this information will help to diminish this expensive, time-consuming correspondence.

Promotion

I. General

A. The Marine Corps provides promotional opportunity for all classes of personnel. Such promotions are generally based on minimum service in grade requirements, selection and qualification. Promotions thereby can only be made one grade at a time. "Spot" or out of line promotions are either contrary to law, regulations, or to established policy.

B. A change from enlisted status to warrant or commissioned status, or a change from warrant status to commissioned status of second lieutenant or above, is not considered to be a promotion, but is entry into an entirely new status which is therefore in the field of procurement. Such programs are treated later in this Bulletin.

2. Officer Promotion

A. The procedure for the promotion of regular officers is set forth in considerable detail in Part B of Chapter 9, Marine Corps Manual, and reflects the terms of the Officer Personnel Act of 1947, as amended (Public Law 381—80th Congress).

B. Under current regulations and provided sufficient vacancies exist, regular officer promotions are normally effected about two or three months after approval of the report of the selection board. Actual promotion is subject to delay in obtaining results of medical examination, confirmation of nominations by the Senate, and qualification by the Naval Examining Board. No promotions can be made until the required vacancies exist, and in some cases this one factor has caused delays up to almost two years.

C. The procedure for promoting reserve officers on active duty has recently been modified to allow their consideration by the same board that considers inactive reserve officers. Announcement and explanation of this change was made in the March, 1951, edition of *The Reserve Marine*.

D. Promotions of reserve officers are effected in accordance with Part C of Chapter 9, Marine Corps Manual, which was published in Advance Change Letter No. 5 to change No. 2. The promotion of reserve officers is fundamentally based on the "running mate" principle. The reserve officer normally will be considered for promotion in the same year that his running mate is in the promotion zone for regular officers. If selected and qualified he will be promoted and receive the same date of rank as his running mate.

E. Reserve officer promotions are normally made at a somewhat later date than regulars, since the boards must necessarily be held after establishment of the regular promotion zones. The average promotion time is about 2½ months after publishing the selection board results. However, since the Naval Examining Board is conducted at the same time as the selection board, and confirmation by the Senate is not required, the actual promotion of reserve officers not on active duty could be effected in shorter time than is normally required for regulars, were it not for the physical examination. This physical examination factor is most variable, since it is accomplished at the convenience of both the reserve officer and the medical examiner. As in the case of regular officers, the promotion of reserves, based on the "running mate" system, is dependent upon existence of vacancies in the regular establishment for the promotion of the regular running mate. If the regular "running mate" cannot be promoted, the reserve officer likewise must wait for his promotion.

3. Warrant Officers

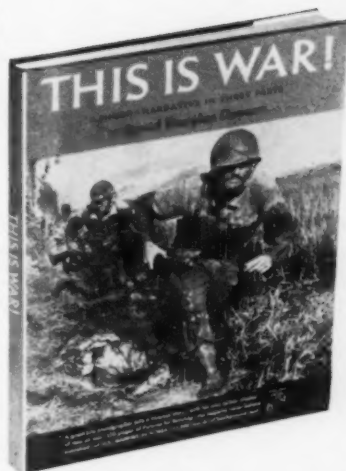
A. Upon the enactment of the Career Compensation Act of 1949, the Marine Corps immediately distributed its warrant officers, both regular and reserve, into the four separate pay grades provided by that law. This distribution has been acceptable to such a degree that it has been the basis of a proposed draft of legislation known as the "Warrant Officer Act of 1951." When presented in its final form, and if enacted, it should definitely improve the prestige, desirability and usefulness of this category of officers.

B. At present there can be no definite information furnished on promotions of this category until final action can be taken on the proposed legislation.

4. Enlisted Promotion

A. There are four phases involved in the promotion of enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps—acquiring minimum service in grade, testing, selection and appointment. All promotions are for one rank at a time, and promotion of reserve enlisted on active duty is the same as for regular enlisted.

B. When a Marine has the required time in grade—one year for promotion to corporal or sergeant and two years for advancement to each of the staff grades—he becomes eligible to take appropriate professional and technical tests. For promotion to corporal and sergeant, he must pass a General Military Subjects Test for each rank; in the upper grades, he must also obtain a satisfactory score on an appropriate Technical Test. (continued on page 56)



THE U. S. MARINES IN KOREA

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- II. THE CITY
- III. RETREAT, HELL!

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ZIPPO
the one-zip
windproof lighter

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 2]

made us look like hobos. Those RMCs looked sharp and we—well, we just looked. So how about it? The Marines don't need steel helmets, what we need is a cocky battle hat. We could kill twice the number of chinks if we wore one . . . Agreed?

The defense rests.

Sincerely yours,

Sgt. J. P. Shields, USMCR

Wpns Co., 1st Bn.,

7th Marines, FMF

● Yours is a fine spirit, Sergeant, but your idea is hard to put across. The breaking down of unit loyalty has been going on for a long time and will probably go on a lot longer. Undoubtedly, all men of the First Division, or any division for that matter, are loyal to their senior outfit, but they like to get it down to a more personal basis. Your idea for a cocky battle hat is excellent. Remember the old campaign hat? It was fine to see a body of men wearing this headgear on their noggins, parade past a reviewing stand and do a snappy "eyes right." Now there is a cocky hat and one you can be proud to wear! The hat has a lot of Marine Corps history behind it. Let's add more!—Ed.

MARINE STRENGTH IN WW II

Dear Sirs:

Can you tell us the size of the Marine Corps during its peak in the second World War?

Corp. W. N. Pence

Co "A" 2dMedBn

2dMarDiv, FMF

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● Approximately 450,000 men and women.—Ed.

DEFINITION OF A MARINE

Dear Sir:

As the younger brother of a Marine who now sleeps in his hallowed grave, I wish to pass along to you and your readers the following definition of a Marine from the saying of the West Coast quipster, Shamus O'Slattery, who I understand is himself the "kid" brother of a former member of the Marine Corps.

"Marine:

A soldier who dashes into the jaws of death and brings back the jawbones."

(Shamus O'Slattery)

Respectfully yours,

Lem Hubbard

5236 Lake Park Ave.,

Chicago 15, Ill.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

Zero in
on
Pepsi



and you'll get...



MORE BOUNCE
TO THE OUNCE

WHY TAKE LESS . . . WHEN PEPSI'S BEST

SET IT...
FORGET IT
FOREVER...



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ZODIAC WATCH AGENCY • 551 FIFTH AVE. • N. Y. 17

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 6]

EX-MARINE IN THE ARMY

Dear Editor:

Enclosed you will find a three-dollar money order for a year's subscription to the *Leatherneck* magazine. I received a letter from a buddy of mine in the heavy mortar company of the 19th Infantry Regiment, 24th Division, U.S. Army, and he asked me to subscribe to the *Leatherneck* for him. He is now somewhere in Korea.

This is just a little more proof that once a Marine, always a Marine.

This buddy of mine is John R. MacNider, who served with the 327th Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division all through WW II. When the war was over he took a three-year cruise with the Corps. From the first day I

met him at MCAS, Ewa, he continually beat his gums about the Corps and was always hoping for the day he could get back into the Army. His last letter proved beyond a doubt that you just can't get the Corps out of you—once you wear the good old Forest Green.



He said he was up for staff sergeant again, and even if he did make it, he was going to re-enlist in the Corps after this war is over, if he only got a Pfc's rate. He curses the day he ever got out of the Corps. I wish you would print this in the "Sound Off" column of the *Leatherneck*. Maybe it would wise up some of the civilians in Marine uniform who always wish they had joined the Army. Thanks.

Sgt. Jack Valentino, USMC
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● The subscription has been entered. The letter appears above. Here's hoping your buddy doesn't scalp you.—Ed.

ANOTHER MOVIE ARGUMENT

Dear Editor:

I have a bet with a buddy of mine and I need a letter from you in order to collect. I say that in the picture "Sands of Iwo Jima," John Wayne wore three hashmarks and my friend says only one. Everyone agrees with me but he's a hard loser and has to see it on paper.

A great job on the Inchon-Seoul article.

Thank you,

Corp. W. S. Gowen
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Tell your friend to read it and weep. John Wayne wore three hashmarks in "Sands of Iwo Jima."—Ed.

* * *

U. S. AIR FORCE MARINE

Dear Sir:

I am submitting my application for a subscription to the *Leatherneck* magazine. I received this blank from my brother Pfc Harland J. Cyo, now stationed at EMS, Treasure Island. Since I received it late I will still submit the full price of \$2.50.

During the last war I was in the Marine Corps and "Once a Marine, always a Marine" even though I now wear a different uniform. I am now as

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proud of the Air Force and as loyal as I was, and still am, to the Marine Corps.

I partially owe my present commission to the Marines because it was my background in the Marines that enabled me to rise to the rank of cadet colonel in the Air ROTC program, thus giving me my commission.

I look forward to receiving your magazine once again and especially to any stories of VMF 211, or VMF 115, or Service Squadron 44, all of the 1st Air Wing. (I think).

Thanking you, I remain,

Henry B. Cyo,
2dLt., USAF

WRONG NAME, RIGHT PICTURE

Dear Sir:

The November 50 issue of *Leatherneck* is up to your usual high standards, but may I point out what I believe are two errors?

On page 59, lower left picture, the man holding the pistol is NOT Sergeant H. Henry but Sergeant Henry M. Bailey, former Olympic Rapid Fire Pistol Champion.

On page 80, middle column, halfway down, the FIRING MEMBERS of the pistol team making the grand slam in the 1949 national matches, according to Official Bulletins of the matches published by the National Rifle Assn., Washington, D. C., were Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Walsh, Captain T. E. Barrier, CWO M. W. Billing and Master Sergeant W. E. Fletcher.

Yours truly,

W. R. Walsh

Arlington, Va.

● You are right in both cases, sir. The man holding the pistol is Sergeant Henry M. Bailey and the firing members of the pistol team making the grand slam in 1949 are Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Walsh, Captain T. E. Barrier, CWO M. W. Billing and Master Sergeant W. E. Fletcher.—Ed.

* * *

KOREAN RIBBONS

Dear Sir:

Could you please answer the following questions for me regarding Korean combat veterans:

1. Who rates the Korean ribbon?
2. Have stars been authorized for the above ribbon?
3. Has the Presidential Unit Citation been awarded to the 1stMar Div or component thereof for service in Korea; and if so for service during what dates?
4. Is the Navy Occupation Medal authorized for Korean veterans who were in Japan before or after going to Korea (hospitalized, transient, etc.)?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



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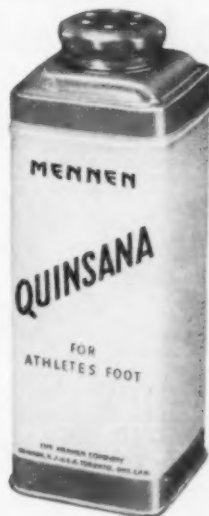
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497 Flatbush Ext., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.



Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of such letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

Mrs. E. J. Kiesling, 614 Swain Ave., Elmhurst, Ill., wishes to hear from anyone who was with her son Corp. Curtis J. Kiesling when he was killed in Korea Nov. 28, 1950. Corp. Kiesling served with "C" Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Mrs. G. D. Haggard, PO Box 453, Gustine, Tex., would like to contact anyone having any information concerning the whereabouts of her son, former Marine Sgt. James J. (Jack) Haggard, reported killed in action on Guam during July, 1944. It was later discovered the report of death was in error and that he was in military service as late as Oct. 1949. He may be a victim of amnesia.

C. W. Woodward Jr., Woodward Agency, Franklin Bldg., 100 Purchase St., Fall River, Mass., wishes to hear from anyone having details concerning the death, in Korea, of his brother, Pfc Francis William Woodward. Pfc Woodward served with "I" Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Mars., 1st Mar. Div., and died Dec. 2, of wounds received in action, presumably in the Changjin Reservoir area.

Mrs. W. C. Burks, 1714 Cedar St., Santa Monica, Calif., would like to hear from anyone who knows her son Pfc Billy G. Burks of Dallas, Tex., and Los Angeles, Calif., reported wounded in Korea in Nov.

Pfc Robert McNulty, MD, N.A.A.S., Whiting Field, Milton, Fla., desires to hear from anyone who was in "B" Co., Mortar Sec., 1st Inf. Bn., U.S.M.C.R. Also from Pvts. Paul Murray, "Dingle" Ingraham, and Jay Langlan.

Philip J. Caporelli, 46 Plum Ave., Carbondale, Pa., wishes to hear from any of his buddies who served with him on Vella Lavella, Bougainville, and Guam. Would particularly like to hear from Plt. Sgts. Zito and Hausler from New Orleans, T. D. Clarke, Pa., John Grissom, Va., and Rufus Smith, Electric, Ala.

Tom Shapiro, USA, "D" Btry., Ft. Davis, Panama Canal Zone, would like to hear from SSgt. Robert Rua, last known address was "K" Btry., 4th Bn., 10th Mars., Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Mrs. Albert Matusowski, 9 E. 36th St., Bayonne, N. J., wishes to hear from any Marine who knew Pfc Robert J. Matusowski who serves in Korea with "D" Co., 2nd Bn., 7th Mars, 1st Mar. Div.

Sgt. Clarence White, P. O. Box 1326, San Clemente, Calif., desires to hear from former Chief Marine Gunner "Bull" Wilson, Marine Gunner "Bill" Kerr, Marine Gunner Jack Havican, First Sgt. Duane Barney, Major William Dickinson and anyone else who served with him from 1941 to 1944 in the 1st Special Wpns. Bn., 1st Mar. Div.

J. W. Kirkland, 429 S. 3rd St., Jacksonville Beach, Fla., would like to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of Pfc Phillip O. Hammond since Dec. 6, 1950.

Don Seligman, 2111 Blvd. Napoleon, Louisville, Ky., wishes to hear from anyone with any information regarding the present whereabouts of former Marine Donald F. Gore, formerly of the 6th J.A.S. Co., 6th Mar. Div.

Pfc Arthur E. Wedemeyer, Ward 16, USNH, Mare Island, Vallejo, Calif., would like to hear from Corp. Odon C. Bain and David L. Murphy.

Mr. Thomas Perrotti, 812 Grape St., Vineland, N. J., wishes to hear from anyone who served with Pfc James J. Cerione, gunner aboard the USS Franklin during March, 1945, when he was reported killed.

Miss Mary Munson, 3205 Tyler, Apt. 304, Detroit 6, Mich., desires to correspond with any Marine serving in Korea.

TURN PAGE



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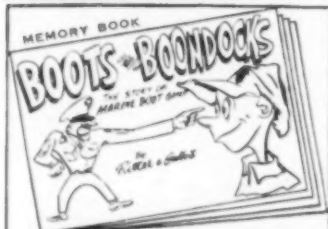
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MAIL CALL (cont.)

Pfc James J. Barnes, Jr., Sig. Co. 1st Sig. Bn. 1st Mar. Div., would like to hear from Corp. Raymond Lacavera.

Betty M. Eastman, 909 S. Irwin Ave., Green Bay, Wis., wishes to hear from anyone concerning the death of Sgt. Adrain Kurowski, reported killed in Korea, Nov. 29, '50.

Corp. R. T. Clawson, Civ. Ad. Unit Navy #3014, % FPO, San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Pfc Bill Hrubec, last known address, H&S Btry, 1st AAA Bn., Camp Lejeune, N. C.

TSgt. James E. Sweeney, MB Naval Base, Norfolk, Va., would like to hear from MSgt. Rocca A. Zullo, former 1st Sgt. of "G" Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Karl R. Sweetan, Sr., 828 N. Beckley Ave., Dallas 8, Tex., would like to hear from any former Marine who took boot camp at Diego about Dec. 15, '41, especially in Platoons 211 and 212.

Mrs. George Svec, 5041 E. Carpenter Rd., Flint, Mich., wishes to hear from anyone having information concerning the death of her husband Pfc George Svec, reported killed in Korea Sept. 24, near Seoul.

Mrs. E. J. Kiesling, 614 Swain Ave., Elmhurst, Ill., would like to hear from anyone who served with her son Corp. Curtis J. Kiesling, reported killed in Korea, Nov. 28, '50.

Mrs. Paul E. Cantrell, 3 Straughan Ct., Charleston, W. Va., wishes to hear from anyone having information concerning the present whereabouts of her husband Sgt. Paul E. Cantrell, reported missing in action in Korea, Dec. 2, '50.

HM3 Buel Hatcher, USN Hos. 3923, % FPO, San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Corp. Richard J. Wilson of Dearborn, Mich., and Pfc Arnold D. Janik of E. Chicago, Ind.

George Rosenblum, 1386 Lincoln Pl., Brooklyn 13, N. Y., wishes to hear from anyone who served with Pfc Harvey Rosenblum, reported killed in Korea, Nov. 28, '50.

SSgt. Joseph V. Bonfiglio, 5513 8th Ave., Apt. 200, Kenosha, Wis., wishes to hear from Lt. R. D. "Doc" Temple who was stationed with him at Camp Catlin, Hawaii, in '48 and '49.

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THE OLD GUNNY SAYS...



"An NCO is a detail man. The officers are supposed to do all the big planning and high level gumbeating. You people are supposed to know what makes the BAR tick, what color the typewriter ribbon should be, and why Joe Glotz in your fireteam hasn't got a canteen cup. You should know the facts and details about the men under you. They are your men. You look out for them and they'll fight for you.

"That brings up loyalty. Loyalty goes up and down. An NCO who is loyal to his officers and men, who performs in the best military manner he knows, and who studies the technical details of his job, is earning his pay in any outfit.

* * *

"Soldiering is a man's business. When you give an order give it like a man who expects to be obeyed—and see that you are. You don't have to be a polite gentleman around here—only when you're ashore around the ladies. I've never heard anyone complain about a 'tough' NCO—as long as he's right.

* * *

"A Marine non-com has a right to be the proudest fighting man alive—but in order to deserve the reputation each one of us has got to remember the serious responsibilities that go with each stripe. You aren't earning those stripes by winning any popularity contest with your boys. You've gotta set an example of discipline, military character and appearance, and you've gotta know your job. You'll soon find your men are with you."

END

"ALL you NCOs gather around, I want to give you some dope: For many years the Corps has been proud of us NCOs. Marines believe that the NCOs are the 'back-bone' of a good outfit. But lately I've been wondering if we weren't just repeating an old saying. I've seen some weaknesses in the 'back-bone.'

"It seems to me that with all this business of democracy in the military system, promotions, specializations, and schools and tests, we've lost sight of just what really makes an NCO in the Marine Corps.

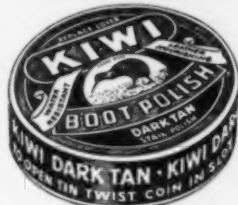
"Some of you people seem ready to grab another stripe when it comes your way—but you're slow to take on more responsibility. In any good outfit a sergeant does a sergeant's job and not a corporal's job. That works all up and down the line. At the same time the sergeant should prepare for the next higher rank—and the responsibilities.

* * *

"A lot of you people with fancy MOSs think that is a safe refuge from field work or combat. In this outfit every man has got to be ready to grab a rifle and fight at any time. Just ask the cooks and clerks who came back from Chosin.



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KOREAN LIFE LINE



By SSgt. Robert Tallent
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent
Photos by Corp. Eugene E. Ryan
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



When truck drivers



Jockey a truck just one mile in Korea
and you'll be pancaked by summer dust



Maintenance Chief, MSgt. Leonard R. Himes, checks each truck while it is being gassed up

run off of a road in Korea they can expect to drop 500 feet

AHEAD there is a nasty curve, you're wheeling a two and a half ton truck packed to the gun-wales, you're geared down to take it all right—but you can't see it. You're traveling in a night-marish cloud of almost liquid brown dust. You squint and try to penetrate the fog, then blink your eyes. Eyeballs feel like they've been sandpapered.

There'll be no warning, no indication such as an embankment or guard rail to tell you when you're near the edge of the cliff. If you miss, you'll feel the 6 x 6's front wheels turn for just the flicker of a second on a cloud of air and dust, then you'll slip downward with a couple of tons of supplies for a parachute. Maybe a scrub pine or two will brake you on the plunge, they're as useful in the circumstances as a pair of diving boots. Chances are, you smack bottom after four or five hundred feet. Frequently the road over which you're hauling supplies to the front goes higher, but a five hundred foot drop is about the average penalty for missing a turn and running off the world's rottenest, most traveled road, the First Marine Division's main supply route in Korea.

If you're a good driver—there are no bad drivers in the 1st Motor Transport Battalion for a very grim reason—you make the turn and go on repeating the crisis again and again, day and night, month after month. You don't have to "fly blind" all the time, sometimes it rains and the thick dust layer that covers the road turns to slime, then all you have to worry about is skidding over the side and doing a one and a half into some very unresilient boulders.

There are minor diversions to fill in the odd moments, like hauling loads into a new area just behind the infantry. Every time you pull off to the side of the road to let a tank retriever pass there is the prospect of nudging an unswept mine into lethal activity. The sandbags you have on the deck of your cab offer as much protection as a good stout eggshell; you keep them below the seat more for luck than for anything else. Snipers are a problem, too, but over the racket of whining motors and jarring, rattling steel, you can never be sure whether they are aiming directly at your truck or not. Suddenly the windshield blossoms quarter size

TURN PAGE

LIFE LINE (cont.)



Drivers make it a point to supervise loading of their trucks before each trip

holes and the back of the seat jumps a little more than usual, then's the time to start some fast thinking about your immediate future and spiritual welfare.

So you keep this up for about seven months and if your back doesn't develop a tendency to bow sharply in the middle and you have your kidneys still firmly anchored in the immediate vicinity of your spine, you become oblivious to the prospect of being blown or smashed to hell and gone.

Like Robert Sims, the top driver of "Charley" Company, 1st Motor Transport Battalion, you might be able to breeze through 14 hours of wrestling a 6x6 up and down a few mountains and say, "This is the most monotonous duty in the world."

Viewpoints on this subject vary widely and profanely even amongst the motor transport drivers themselves. One thing is certain though, never during the Corps' long history of battle, big

and small, has so much depended on trucks and the drivers who roll them. Their part in the Korean action is a large and conspicuous one. It's as spectacularly different from the short inland hauls the boys used to make during the last war, over the smooth roads laid by the Seabees, as a sling-shot is from a bazooka. In this war they roll night and day, lurching and jolting over the roads that would deck a pack mule. Their equipment falls apart on the road and the men fold over their wheels in exhaustion, still they get the supplies up forward, then tura and start back for more.

Lieutenant Colonel Olin L. Beall, until recently commanding officer of the 1st Motor Transport Battalion, was known throughout the division for the fierce pride he had in his unit. The current commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel John Barreiro, Jr., is not reticent when speaking about the accomplishments of his Marines either. To understand why both officers are so proud of the battalion's part in the Korean fight you'd have to travel and live in the outfit for awhile, go on the "milk runs" and make the rough trips as well. The war from behind the wheel is considerably different from the battle behind the M-1 sight. The common denominator is the treacherous, violent death that waits to take advantage of the slightest mistake made either by the Marine on the line or the Marine wheeling the truck.

"Charley" Company's Bob Sims drew what passes as a short haul the other day. The "milk run" was a mere 25 miles. His regular truck was laid up, so right after reveille at 0630, he started checking the rig he was going to push over the roads. For that day his truck was 107513, it had a heavy coat of dust,

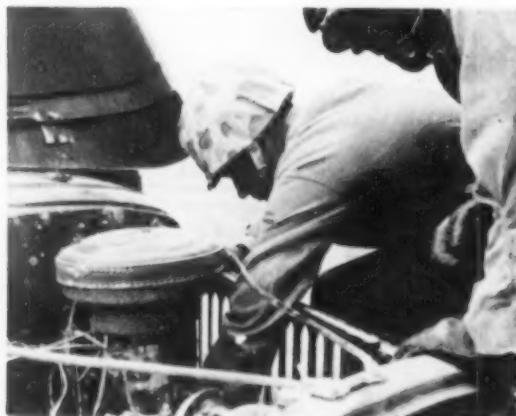
the tailgate was sprung and both sides of the bed were heavily dented. It looked like any other Marine Corps 6x6 prowling the roads in Korea, no more or no less battered after seven months on the road. Laboriously scratched in the paint on the right side of the dash was the truck's combat history. Some one with quiet pride had neatly etched in column the words:

INCHON
SEOUL
WONSAN
HAMHUNG
KOTO-RI

Stuck conveniently behind the instruction plate in the middle of the dash was a "C" ration can opener. The mileage gauge inside the big round speedometer said 8571 miles. This recorded the distance 107513 had rolled since the landing at Inchon in mid-September. The veteran truck was feeling the strain from the brutal roads and trails, a new motor had just been installed. The drivers say that if you keep the equipment in good running shape you can pull 6000 miles in Korea without a strain, but after that the "bugs" starting setting in and the vehicle goes to the shop again and again as the mileage increases.

Finished with his check, Bob scooped up his mess gear and headed for the mess tent in the middle of the MT compound for breakfast. It was French toast, cereal and powdered milk, oranges and coffee. Sims ate a big breakfast for two reasons, he's a husky six-foot Mississippian and long arduous stretches on the road had taught him the wisdom of taking advantage of hot chow when possible. Roadside lunch counters are non-existent in Korea.

The battalion mess sergeant, Frank



If truck breaks down on road, driver must either repair it or walk. Corporal Sims prefers to ride



The war from behind the wheel is considerably different from the battle behind an M-1 rifle sight

Hyla, of San Diego, feeds the Marines like truck drivers should be fed. There is always plenty of hot food on every man's mess gear when he leaves the chow line. There may be times when the menu depressingly repeats itself for a week or so with stingy corn willie and stomach-knotting Vienna sausages as the meat course, but that is a supply problem. Hyla and his mess crew feed the men with what is available and the results are creditable.

After carefully scouring his mess gear, Sims tossed his sleeping bag into the truck, placed his spotless M-1 in the boot beside him and set his cartridge belt and canteen on the seat where it would be handy if he needed it in a hurry. It is a foolish driver indeed who neglects to take his sleeping bag even on a short haul. You never know where you'll spend the night—the dispatcher could miscalculate the

more than five trucks make a run, an officer usually takes over and a mechanic goes along with a wrecker. As soon as the drivers had finished breakfast, Theologus had them line their trucks up just outside the "C" company tent area. He made a quick check of the drivers and their trucks, then swung aboard the leading rig.

He stood up in the cab, looked back at the line, and yelled, "Wind 'em up."

The convoy was underway. Sims was behind Theologus' truck in number two spot. The convoy swung around a sagging bridge that was capable of supporting only jeeps and forded a limpid stream that once fed the rice paddies where the battalion was camped. A quarter of a mile farther they had to make a sharp right turn onto the main supply route. That would be the last clear look Sims would get of the truck in front of him until they crossed the



Drivers who want to keep their trucks intact seldom exceed the speed limits



Truck driver Robert Sims asks, and gets, verbal directions from MP. Sometimes MPs get waggish, install clever commercials on road signs

length of the haul. . . .

The convoy was a small five-truck affair. All the trucks were standard military GMCs, or "Jimmies," as the drivers call them. Their mission was to go to a supply dump and move a combat service unit up to their new position, a mile and half above the Motor Transport command post. Sergeant Harry Theologus, from Los Angeles, was in charge of the trucks. When

first mountain range. As soon as the first truck hit the main supply route, the dust swirled around and enveloped it as though the entire rig had been assimilated by a huge, fantastic earthworm. The lead truck bored into the translucent bowels of the brown monster, then Sims hauled on his wheel, and 107513 swung right and up the incline onto the MSR. Immediately the truck set up a howl as though it

was being overhauled by a gang of chain-jangling spooks. The tailgate slammed back and forth, steel ground on steel and everything that wasn't welded or bolted groaned and squeaked as the tires bounded from one hard shock to another at one-foot intervals along the road. The windshield danced crazily on the hood and the dials in the dash juggled new sets of figures. Sims was playing the wheel, keeping the truck under control, as though he had hooked a marlin. It was just the start of another run as far as he was concerned. He was riding with the jolts easily and it is doubtful if he even heard the banshee squeals coming from the innards of his truck.

By looking right or left you can pierce the fog a little and view the Korean scenery if you like, but there isn't much to see—some war-torn shacks, rice paddies scarred by tank tracks looking as though somebody wanted to play a king-sized game of tic-tac-toe on the dark brown fields and over all this, draped like an OD blanket, is a heavy covering of dust. Every mile or so there are line crew trouble shooters working over the communication lines running on both side of the highway like undernourished banisters. They work in glum unhurried silence, their job is never quite finished, the lines are being torn constantly by tanks and overloaded trucks and trailers that are forced over on the shoulders of the road to let each other pass.

A small concrete bridge spans two paddy dikes with an alga-coated creek between. The concrete is cracked and frail-looking, a guard rail has been

TURN PAGE

knocked loose and lies half in and half out of the bilious water. This important piece of property is guarded by a Korean cop wearing a fur cap, a khaki wool U.S. Army liberty blouse replete with brass buttons, black, chow-stained cotton trousers drawn in at the ankles and a pair of tennis shoes. He's armed to the teeth with a rusted Arisaka rifle. If he has any ammunition, all of it must be in the breech of his weapon. Across the bridge a cluster of dirty junior-sized Koreans lean perilously close to the trucks as they sweep by and plead for food and cigarettes.

The convoy starts to zig-zag up the face of a mountain. The 6 x 6s burp their gears five or six times before

the steering wheel but for a breathless second it doesn't look as though the truck is going to answer the helm. The round black explosive disappears under the right fender, another tense second—no explosion. His tires must have just brushed the ugly case of the mine. The trucks following Sims are close enough to see what's up, they give the AP mine a wide berth, swinging close into the face of the cliff on the left regardless of oncoming traffic. The mine may have fallen off a demolition carrier or it may have been placed at the bend in the road by guerrillas. The drivers report it to the first MP they spot.

It was another twisting grade, this time winding down into a narrow valley. The trucks are geared down and they ease around the turns doing between 14 and 16 miles an hour, staying widely clear of the hazardous road

speed limit over the deeply-gouged supply route. Theologus paced the convoy at 18 miles per hour. At one point he motioned the convoy to pull over and halt. He jumped from the cab of the forward truck, ran around behind the vehicle and picked up the forward part of a truck canopy. Some extravagant driver had tossed it aside or dropped it and failed to come back and pick it up. The drivers and mechs in the 1st Motor Transport have had many bitter experiences trying to secure parts in Korea, consequently they never let a stray item go to waste. All the Marine trucks had their canvas tops removed since the word was passed to be alert for air attack. There would obviously be no use for the tarp for sometime, but it would be carefully hoarded by "C" Company against a future date. Picking up the truck



All Korean kids like candy and chewing gum. Washing trucks sometimes pays off

MSgt. Robert W. Johnson, inspector, checks a truck at the end of its run



making the crest. Army, Marine and Korean trucks pour by on their way down the slope. Each time they pass Sims there is just enough clearance to keep the trucks from trading paint. A crisp wind humming down the mountain pass churns the dust clouds back into the valley.

Sims maneuvers cautiously around another blind turn watching the edge of the mountain on the left in case another truck comes boiling out of the chocolate cloud. He is almost on the anti-personnel mine squatting in the road directly in front of his right wheel before he sees it. He heaves hard on

shoulders. Crews of Marines and Koreans work at shoring up the road on the vulnerable turns. They are building up the road with big rocks and holding them in place with slim timbers cut from the scrub trees dotting the sides of the mountain. The small, tired Koreans work with casual indifference, the Marines with their M-1s slung diagonally across their backs and a roving eye on the terrain about them.

Down on the flat ground the convoy dives into the dust again. The signs along the route warn, "20 miles-Speed Limit." Drivers who want to keep their trucks in one piece seldom exceed the

canopy was an example of the frugality with which the Marines have been operating for the past seven months.

The stocky convoy leader piled happily back into his truck and the convoy got underway again. Ten minutes later they stopped again, this time behind a long chain of ambulances, weapons carriers and more 6x6s. Down the line strode a Marine MP.

"Pull over as far as you can off the road," he told Sims as passed his truck. "tanks are moving up."

It was a good time to stretch and light up. Sims doesn't smoke and the other drivers seldom do while they are

moving. In the dust a cigarette, any brand, tastes like a hunk of powdered Korean real estate. The drivers tumbled out of their rigs, yelled a few selected insults at each other, then started checking their trucks. Bob gave his tires a close inspection. Two outer casings on his rear drive were badly ripped. New tires are harder to come

wreckage like wrinkled shrouds. Shattered Korean pottery and household utensils lay on either side of the road, small temporary monuments to the complete devastation of war. Every once in a while a stench would wash over the trucks in a nauseating wave, marking the place where a villager had found a last, odious resting place dur-

to another supply dump across the road to check on gas for his trucks. He succeeded in convincing the man in charge of the dump that his situation was desperate—he just had to have gas to get back to the front. After he returned, he sent the trucks over to the dump, one at a time.

"Might as well use the gas they got



Men at their bath; Corp. Joe Garrett, Pfc Gerard Lange relax under water



Oil-soaked Marine mechs work night and day in their machine shop trailers

by than cold brew and when a split opens in the rubber all you can do is worry about it, because there is little likelihood of getting an immediate replacement.

After ten minutes the tanks failed to materialize and the long train of vehicles was motioned forward by the MP controlling traffic. Waits are not infrequent on this road, Sims figured they'd been lucky to get this far with only one halt. A scant quarter mile farther they bumped into the tanks. They were waved into a makeshift detour on the right side of the road of the main drag. This by-path had been constructed simply by running a jeep through the rice paddies around the line of tanks, then coercing the next bunch of trucks along into the jeep's tracks.

The drivers in the trucks and the crews riding the tanks exchanged silent glares in passing. It was plain that both groups felt that the other was a harassing element keeping them from the proper performance of duties by being on the road.

After winding up and over the next series of hills, the trucks started passing huts, then houses that had been smashed into shin-high rubble. Slabs of rusty, corrugated tin covered the

ing one of the town's periodic liberations.

The convoy turned off the main road, passed another half mile of stinking wreckage, then an airfield that had been hammered out of a rocky stream bed. Four DC3s, "Jimmies" of the Korean airways, were loading and discharging passengers and cargo.

Over and down a small hill, they turned off the road beside a ration dump. Korean laborers and Marines were mid-way in striking two pyramidal tents, the ground in front of the



tents was littered with military equipment and salvaged furniture that the Marines had picked up on their travels on the central front. The drivers halted their trucks and gathered around a half-hearted fire, waiting for the supply outfit to finish packing. The 25-mile trip had taken about three hours.

While the drivers waited for the supply outfit to finish up, Theologus went

back here," he reasoned, "save hauling it forward and then burning it."

Sims borrowed a can of oil and went to work on the accelerator on his truck. It had stuck a couple of times as he was rounding the bends over the mountains. Driving over the passes was bad enough, you're just pushing your luck with a sticky accelerator.

The supply people started loading the first two trucks; about halfway through they took time out for lunch.

"Only saw one outfit ready to go when we came after them—that was the Fifth Marines," Bob grumbled as he broke out his mess gear. The meal mollified his feelings somewhat. They had fresh meat, a rare occurrence. After lunch, Sims stood by his truck and supervised its loading.

When civilian Robert Sims pushed open the door of the recruiting office at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, in late December, 1949, he wanted to do two things, see a little of the world and get away from what he considered a somewhat monotonous job—driving a truck for the State Highway Department. Photography and aviation would be interesting, he thought. Maybe he could combine them. One thing for sure, he was going to get away from truck driving for awhile.

TURN PAGE

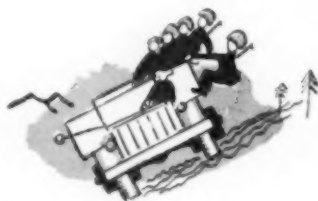
On his 22nd birthday, February 16th of this year, he was on the road driving all night and all day moving the Fifth Marines.

Sims was a little disappointed that he didn't get a chance to try out in either of the fields he'd picked for himself after he left recruit training, but the truth of the matter is that the Parris Island classification section really managed to put a square peg into a cubical depression when they assigned Pfc Robert Sims to motor transport school at Camp Lejeune after his boot leave. The husky, ruddy Marine is classed as the best driver in "C" Company and he's one of the four top drivers in the battalion. He takes his job seriously, works at it around the clock and manages to keep his truck on the road longer than the average 6x6 in the MT Battalion. With the First Marine Division operating at one end of a battered, super-extenuated supply line, the importance of drivers like Sims to the eventual success of the Korean campaign cannot be overlooked. Since he has been in Korea, Sims was promoted to corporal. He's now sweating out his time for sergeant.

Gear and troops were finally loaded. Sims swung back into line and waited for the rest of the trucks to finish loading. One of the trucks had developed a bad leak in the left front tire. There was a delay while the driver switched wheels, putting the flat on the rear dual and moving the rear wheel up forward. The tire shortage is such that none of the "Jimmies" can afford the luxury of

a spare. The driver wrestled the worn rear tire into position after a short but amazingly profane period and Theologus gave the high ball to roll 'em. The trucks plunged back into the opaque dust fog.

Moving to the forward dump was much the same as the trip to the rear. There were the same spine-frosting turns in the road to be negotiated in the blinding haze of filth. Halts behind



long strings of vehicles with headlights constantly appearing through the gray brown mist on the left, then vanishing with a roar to be immediately replaced by another dim set. Bob heaved a sigh as he wound off the last big ridge, this was the place where two days before the steering column on his rig gave out, almost pitching him and a load of coffee and flour into a 50-foot gorge.

On the flat, the convoy rumbled between a double row of sad, branchless trees. Somehow they'd escaped being cut down for fuel during the winter.

They were serving as bases for signposts directing drivers to forward units and warning them about speed limits and the hazards along the road. Putting up signs saying, "Danger—Sharp Curve," and "Danger—Falling Rocks," seems like a redundant sort of job for the MPs along this road, nevertheless, these signs decorated the landscape copiously both north and south.

At one point there was a quaint homelike group of signs placed one after the other making a grisly sort of ditty that you could read as you rolled by, it went—

Jack turned into sickbay,
It wasn't very nice,
For what he thought was
Barber's Itch,
Was North Korean lice.
Charms,
Charms,
Charms.

The commercial at the end of the limerick refers to the hard candy rolls packed in PX rations. It is rumored that these signs have been placed along the road by waggish members of one of the First Marine Division's MP traffic platoons.

No one has actually witnessed the MPs tacking up these roadside commercials, it is very possible that they are being maligned in the matter. Staff Sergeant Bill Bosland, a member of one of the traffic platoons which seems to be drawing more suspicion than the others, blandly denies any complicity in such undertakings.



Fast-working salvage crew strips a wrecked jeep in their search for badly needed, hard to get automotive repair parts



When a truck has bumped 6000 miles on Korean roads it needs an overhaul

The trucks bumped and thudded by the same blank, staring Korean faces that they'd passed going down. These people, with their homes shattered and fields ruined, seemed to get macabre pleasure out of watching the big trucks growl by.

At one point the drivers glanced longingly at a group of tents pitched near the right side of the road. It was an Army unit and a large gold and red sign in front of the main tent gave a series of numbers designating the unit. What really stood out as far as the dust-cloaked Marines were concerned, were the words following the numbers, "BATH COMPANY."

Just before four P.M. the lead truck turned off the road into the forward supply dump. They were directed to a space where the tents were to be put and the Marines riding the trucks began to unload. There is little enjoyment in putting up a tent after dark. Theologus reformed the convoy 35 minutes later

It was while they were washing up outside the tents that Theologus showed up with the good news. Immediately after chow they were to hit the road again—ten curve-wracked mountainous miles. It would be, at best, an all-night haul.

There was no roar of pain or displeasure from the drivers—they were used to it. They hunted up their mess tins and headed glumly for the chow tent. The dinner might be a short one, but the dry demitasse would last for hours—fine powdered dust that the Marines could savor and inhale all night. There's no way of avoiding it, masks and goggles are worse than useless.

As Sims explained, "Rounding one of those turns is a bad time to have your glasses fog up, none of us wear them."

Right after dinner Sims went over to maintenance company for a few minutes to check on the work being done on his regular truck. Old 104498 was

a haphazard line extended into the night mutely waiting their turn to be repaired and sent back on the road. Grease- and oil-sodden mechanics moved in and about the MGs with concentrated precision. Sims hunted up the NCO in charge of the shop and found out it would be another day or so before the work on 104498 would be finished. Sims and his truck had been together since a month before he left Pendleton. He'd even driven it from the Barstow supply depot to Camp Pendleton right after it had been pulled out of the mothballs. After asking the sergeant to hurry the job along if he could, Sims went back to the tent area. Auto Maintenance Company was working with all stops pulled as it was. Sims wasn't the only driver who had been inquiring about his truck that afternoon.

When Sims returned, the drivers were clustered near the lead truck in a small group talking and waiting for



When they're not driving, they're digging



Lt. Col. Barreiro (right) CO 1st Motor Transport Bn., talks to sergeant major

and they headed for the Motor Transport CP, their day's work finished, they hoped.

After 15 minutes of bumps, they pulled into the compound, parked their trucks near the tents again and clambered stiffly out of their cabs. Once again the 6x6s were checked, then the drivers set to scraping the grime from their hands and faces before evening chow.

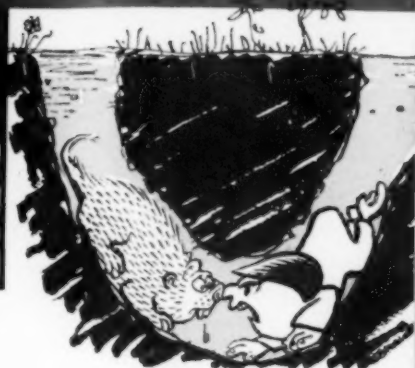
getting a thorough overhaul. Truck hulks and entrails lay scattered over the floor of a large building with half its roof blown off and one side wall smashed out. Huge dockside unloading lamps had been rigged so the mechanics could work at night. Outside the building, generators and machine shop trailers filled the approaching dusk with the urgent buzzing of men and machines at labor. More trucks in

the word to move out. The talk had already evaluated the finer points between blondes and brunettes. Tijuana had been stacked against Los Angeles as a liberty town and now the chatter jocularly shifted to making a career out of the Marine Corps. Two of the drivers cut loose with vivid high-voltage opinions that would've blistered the print off any recruiting poster. A third driver said he (continued on page 57)



"Heard the latest—?
Steak for chow"

"Fox company clobbered a gook
mule train last night..."



"What's the password?"

shook up

BY BOOTH



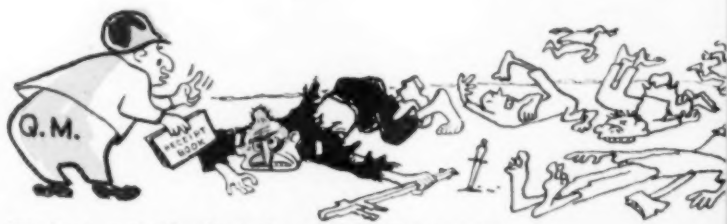
"How fouled up can they get—this ain't
rations—it's B-O-U-R-B-O-N"



"You hadn't ought to drink out of puddles, Albert"



"Artillery position, six hundred
yards, north by northeast, six men—
looks like they're preparing to..."



"You're signed up for that jacket, you know, Lieutenant!"



"Old buddy of mine..."



"There's ol' Hudsmith—
caught napping again!"

"I forgot my can
opener, Sarge"



"Well, listen to that—A PARADE!"



Marine Barracks San Francisco

**Results of atomic blasts and
radiation were carefully studied at
the San Francisco Naval Shipyard**

World's largest crane dwarfs Privates
First Class R. A. Vinton, L. D. Bushy





First Lieutenant Roy W. Moran is the CO of the Barracks guard detachment



WHEN nature etched the Pacific Coast and carved the expansive San Francisco Bay, it added, in relief, a 290-foot promontory extending into the bay from the Golden Gate City's southern shoreline. The first white man to see the bay, Juan Bautista Aguirre, surveyed the land for the king of Spain and called it Sea Shell Point. In 1848, the Hunter Brothers started San Francisco's first real estate venture when they attempted to develop the area as a residential district. The project failed but it gave the landmark its present name—Hunter's Point.

On December 18, 1941, 11 days after Pearl Harbor, Navy management took over the 47 acres of land on the top of the point, previously purchased by the Navy Department. Rapidly and efficiently the Navy plunged into the dual and simultaneous project of expanding present civilian docking facilities and the repair of battle-damaged ships. The tip of the promontory was cut down, almost to water level, and replaced by a graving dock, as large as any in the nation.

The two drydocks which had been included in the original purchase from Bethlehem Steel were used to dock and repair ships while other facilities on the base were being readied or expanded. Additional hundreds of acres of adjacent, partly submerged land, were purchased and the five million cubic yards of earth dug from the hill and drydock were used to fill in the tide land and reclaim it. Seventy buildings were constructed and in 1943 work was started on a submarine base at the north end of the yard.

These facilities now include finger piers for berthing, and three 420-foot graving docks for drydocking submarines and destroyers.

Marines were among the first men to do duty at the new shipyard; necessarily one of the first buildings to be completed was the Marine Barracks just inside the Main Gate. The limited area of the shipyard and the large staff of civilian guards has always kept the Marine detachment at a minimum. The present detachment is composed of only three officers and about half a hundred enlisted men. First Lieutenant Roy W. Moran is the Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks; First Lieutenant J. J. Petska serves as the Guard Officer; and CWO H. B. Poe assumes all adjutant duties. Master Sergeant H. G. McFeely is the first sergeant.

The Marines maintain security on the shipyard's three gates. Duties include the routine check of passes and

the spot check of cars as they leave the yard. A fire and security watch is maintained at the barracks. In addition, Marines train all civilian yard policemen in the handling, functioning, and firing of the service pistol. All policemen must qualify with this weapon before they can become permanent members of the force. Master Sergeant Lloyd A. Krummel, an old-timer, is in charge of this training. He is assisted at the pistol range by a detail of Marines from the barracks. Occasionally the Marines stand honors and funeral details.

Unlike most small Navy yard detachments this Marine Barracks has its own exchange, beer hall, press shop, and mess facilities. Staff Sergeant M. O. Gabler, mess sergeant, keeps all

TURN PAGE



When the new guard falls out for inspection at the Marine Barracks the sergeant of the guard does a thorough job of inspecting each man

Dirt and rock, 290 feet deep, once covered the 'Frisco Shipyard Area

chow-hounds loyal by featuring frequent steak and chicken dinners topped with varied desserts.

The Marines' routine on-the-post training is supplemented by additional duty with the Navy's disaster control program. In case of riot, fire and atomic attack the Marines are prepared to provide the communications between the scene of the disaster and the control center. Portable radios are used to relay orders from the supervising officer.

The results of atomic blast and radiation have been brought to the San Francisco Naval Shipyard for observation. During 1947, several vessels which took part in the Bikini atom bomb tests were brought to the shipyard for testing, decontamination and study. The most notable of these ships was the battered hulk of the carrier *Independence*, later sunk in target practice. Navy and civilian scientists, operat-



"Half Track" (mascot for the Marine Barracks) is sports minded; tries out annually for the Marines' baseball, softball, and basketball teams

ing from the unique Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory at the shipyard, carry on the study of the effects of these atom bomb blasts.

Deep water off Hunter's Point gives the shipyard natural facilities for the repair and service of large ships. Two ship repair drydocks have been located here since 1863, but the importance of its deep water wasn't fully appreciated until 1908 when the Great White Fleet stopped at San Francisco. At that time these drydocks were the only facilities for big ship service in the San Francisco area. After World War II the yard became a workshop and berthing site for the mothballing of *Essex* class carriers, transports, cruisers and the battleship

Iowa. The world's largest crane with a lifting capacity of 630 tons, enough to handle the turrets of any battleship, was put into service at the shipyard in 1947.

In November, 1945, the shipyard received its present name. Until that time it was known as the U.S. Naval Drydocks, Hunter's Point. It is still, by law, a part of Mare Island Naval Shipyard and the two shipyards are operated as one in matters affecting facilities, personnel policies, and budget. In other respects it functions as a separate entity with Captain A. L. Becker, USN, serving as the Commanding Officer. Civilian workers, a permanent base personnel, and standby crews of Sailors

Pfc B. Pilcher asks First Sergeant H. McFeely for a "48." Liberty is good



Sergeants Denford Hull and E. C. Dodge catch up on their reading before noon chow. Well-stocked library is located next to the messhall





Cleaning machine guns after they have been used is routine for personnel assigned to Barracks armory



One of the duties of the San Francisco Marines is to qualify the civilian yard police with their weapons

for the ships of the reserve fleet operate the yard.

Since the war several new buildings have been constructed in a peace-time expansion program. The most notable of these is the new, ultra modern Ordnance Building. Its walls are constructed of blue glass which facilitates the precision work of optical, radio, gyro-compass, electronics, ordnance and related crafts. A newer and larger Steel Building was constructed for the shipfitters, welders, and boilermakers. A large supply warehouse and a new cafeteria for workers have been installed.

The Marines at the barracks like the duty and even the first sergeant finds it difficult to point out any faults. Forty-eights for a weekend away from the city aren't too hard to get; some men go as far south as the coast resort town of Santa Cruz. For a few hours liberty away from the shipyard the men find that San Francisco offers a wide variety of excellent liberty spots.

In 1945, nearly a century after the Hunter brothers' residential real estate venture collapsed on this point of land, a great housing project covered a portion of the hill. Wartime naval and defense housing still cover the hill behind the Navy shipyard, and, although they aren't the best in the city, they provide housing for low income families. Other housing units in the city provide adequate low cost housing for the married personnel at the base.

Few men doing duty at the shipyard today realize that this flat tip of land with its shops, docks, piers, barracks,



Sergeant H. H. Schmidt, USMC, sergeant of the guard, inspects men and weapons with equal thoroughness during an informal guard mount

and recreational centers was once covered with 290 feet of dirt and rock. Today it is just another place where Sailors and Marines work and play.

Recreational facilities on the base are plentiful, the Enlisted Men's Club has bowling alleys, game rooms, bar, and a dance floor. Outdoor sports are also followed closely; last year the Marine team won the intramural softball championship. With its good duty, base recreational facilities, and San Francisco liberty spots, it is obvious that the men like being stationed at the San Francisco Naval Shipyard. The records show that no one is asking for a transfer.

END



Men at 'Frisco's Shipyard get T-bone steaks once, sometimes twice, a week

Photos by
SSgt. Jack Slockbower
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

FROGMEN

Frogmen are underwater devils
who can swim like killer sharks



Photos by

TSgt. James Galloway

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

and

Official U.S. Navy Photographers



by **TSgt. Ronald D. Lyons**

Leatherneck Staff Writer

TOP secrecy and deep water shrouded every move made by the U.S. Navy's Underwater Demolition Teams during World War II. As a result, few people, including our enemies, knew who the UDTs were, or what they did. The Navy wanted it that way.

So well guarded were the secrets of the Underwater Demolition Teams that they were able to operate unhampered by the outcries of the news-sensitive press, magazines, and radio. The UDTs are still tight-lipped but, little by little, the story of their heroism is being disclosed.

The birth of the UDTs in 1942 was anything but sensational. There were no birth announcements. No baby showers. As far as the Navy was concerned, the new-born UDTs were to be unknowns—the longer, the better.

Better known as Frogmen, because of their frog-like appearance with the swim flippers and rubber suits, the UDTs got their baptism of fire in Sicily and the Marshall Islands. Although they were as daring as young cowboys, the Frogmen were not in a position to contribute much during their first round-up. Still, they spearheaded every invasion from Sicily to Okinawa. And by August, 1945, when the big rodeo was over, the name "Frogmen" had come to stand for a group of fearless underwater devils who could swim from ship to shore like killer sharks. When they left an enemy shore, their retreat was certain to be followed by thunderous explosions—a signal to amphibious forces that the Navy Frogmen had come and gone, and that the beach had been rid of boat-ripping obstacles.

In the Navy's book, the Frogmen have two jobs: reconnaissance and beach improvement. When operating with an invasion force, the Frogmen approach in boats to within 400 yards of the enemy beach. Then they swim ashore to make soundings of water



In hand-to-hand combat the Navy's Frogmen have only two kinds of protection: their knowledge of judo and a knife

depth—vital information for landing craft. They record the location and type of obstacles which may confront the invaders. After a thorough reconnaissance, the Frogmen head back for their ship to report their findings.

If there are obstacles on the beach which would create a hindrance to landing craft, the UDTs get wet again. This time they paddle ashore with 20-pound float packs filled with TNT and other explosives. It's ticklish business placing demolition charges next to enemy-

owned obstacles, but the Frogmen operate under a code which rules out such words as NO CAN DO, POSSIBLY, and IF. When their charges are set, all the Frogmen, except two, quit the beach in a hurry. Then, just before the actual invasion is to begin, the two remaining Frogs pull the fuse pins and swim for deep water. (Some veteran UDT men swear they've watched fuse pullers stroke 50 yards in mid-air in their haste to get away from those charges.) Combat Marines, in on the

TURN PAGE



GM3 Carleton Oakley, Lt. (J.G.) E. Gourlay chart a map in Norfolk's cartography shop



Lt. (J.G.) P. C. Clark reads an account of how these ten men rescued four Army fliers downed at sea



landing, have likened the resulting explosions to the very eruption of hell.

Originally the Navy Frogmen were called Amphibious Scouts and Raiders. The name was later changed to Naval Combat Demolition Units; then they received the title of Underwater Demolition Teams. At the end of World War



EN2 H. Staples, Lt. (J.G.) P. C. Clark examine Frogman's rubber swim suit

If there were 33 teams. The teams today are located at the Naval Amphibious Base, Little Creek, Virginia; the Naval Amphibious Base at Coronado, California—and Korea.

Underwater Demolition Teams are divided into platoons. In the Headquarters Platoon are the intelligence officer, technical officer, and boat officer, who are responsible for administration, logistics, supply, intelligence,

From an original class of 120 men perhaps only 30 or 40 would-be Frogmen receive their "fins"

communications, and the reinforcement of the operating platoons. The rest of the personnel form the operating platoons which rate a platoon officer, assistant platoon officer, and up to 20 enlisted men. These are the groups which perform reconnaissance and demolition duties. In wartime, each team has four operating platoons. In time of peace, there are two.

Officers and men train as a unit, and although the officers supervise the enlisted personnel, they take part in all phases of the operations. Consequently, a yeoman may find himself swimming

of might—a man who can figure things out for himself in an emergency.

When they learn what the course is like, a large percentage of would-be Frogmen change their minds faster than wary tadpoles. From an original class of 120 men, perhaps only 30 or 40 will receive their graduation "fins." This may sound like a waste of manpower to the uninformed, but the Navy has an infallible purpose in mind. If a man can't stand the gaff, the UDT school wants to know about it long before the candidate gets his hands on a rubber suit and a stick of dynamite.



Lieutenant Dan F. Chandler, USN, briefs an Underwater Demolition Team at Wonsan Beach where North Korean mine field was destroyed

alongside a boatswain's mate or a lieutenant.

First step in becoming a Frogman necessitates something many servicemen like to avoid. They must volunteer. Once a volunteer is selected for UDT assignment he has reason to hate himself for ever sticking out his neck. He has ten weeks of rigid training ahead which will drag him through neck-deep swamps, over slippery rocks, and under chilly currents of ocean water. He will spend time in classes, too, while learning about high explosives. He will be flipped by judo instructors, momentarily snowed by teachers of mapping, and stiffened by physical education experts. If he finishes the course, he has every right to consider himself a man

"Hell Week" culls the weak sisters from the he-men. It's a six-day week at the beginning of the course when candidates paddle through purgatory in rubber boats. Swamps, marshes, surf, and jungle growth provide a realistic background while three-mile runs at dawn, demolition charges and grenades encourage the trainees to move fast. If a candidate weathers those first six days, his chances of outlasting the course are good. But if he flunks out during "Hell Week" his stay at UDT school ends faster than a bankrupt Sailor's week-end.

The Navy never has a shortage of volunteers for its Underwater Demolition Teams. The thrill of doing a dangerous job, along with the incentive



Frogmen can be "cast" into the water from 'copters as well as from boats

of extra pay (\$50 a month for enlisted; \$100 for officers) prompts hundreds of Navy men to apply for duty with the UDTs.

The life of a Frogman is anything but secure. He knows what he's getting into before, or shortly after, he volunteers for the UDTs. It's hazardous duty at best—even when described in the mildest terms.

The records of war are crammed with reports of heroic sacrifices, phenomenal deeds, and miraculous escapes from death. Search those records, if you will, but it is doubtful if a more frightful experience can be uncovered than that suffered by five Frogmen in 1944. It happened off the coast of Maui during an intended practice landing by a 25-man Underwater Demolition Team. Ironically, that fabulous saver of lives, radar, contributed to the near disaster.

As the Frogmen approached the beach, the radar operator checked his instruments, noted the party was 700 yards offshore. The Frogmen were ordered into the water and told to strike for shore, dead ahead. Twenty-five men, clad only in shorts, slipped over the sides of their boats at 9:30 p.m. and began swimming. Five of the more powerful watermen stroked out in front of the others.

Shortly after, an incredible mistake was discovered. The radar screen had registered a white cap instead of the desired shore line! Near-frantic boat crewmen retrieved 20 swimmers in the darkness, but five couldn't be found. One of those five was EN2 Henry E. Staples, Jr., USN.

When he had swum an estimated 700 yards, Staples was faced with the awful realization that comes to men who are

lost at sea. More sickening was the fact that he had no boat, no life preserver—not even a drifting plank to cling to in case his strength left him, as surely it must. Lesser men have submitted immediately to odds like this. But not Staples. Throughout the night he drifted, caught in the swift current of water that sweeps past the Island of Maui and out to sea. There were times when Staples nearly lost his feeble grip on life. And once during that bitter night the desperate Frogman yielded to what seemed inevitable. He tried to cheat the sea by diving far enough below the surface to drown himself. Strangling salt water forced him up.

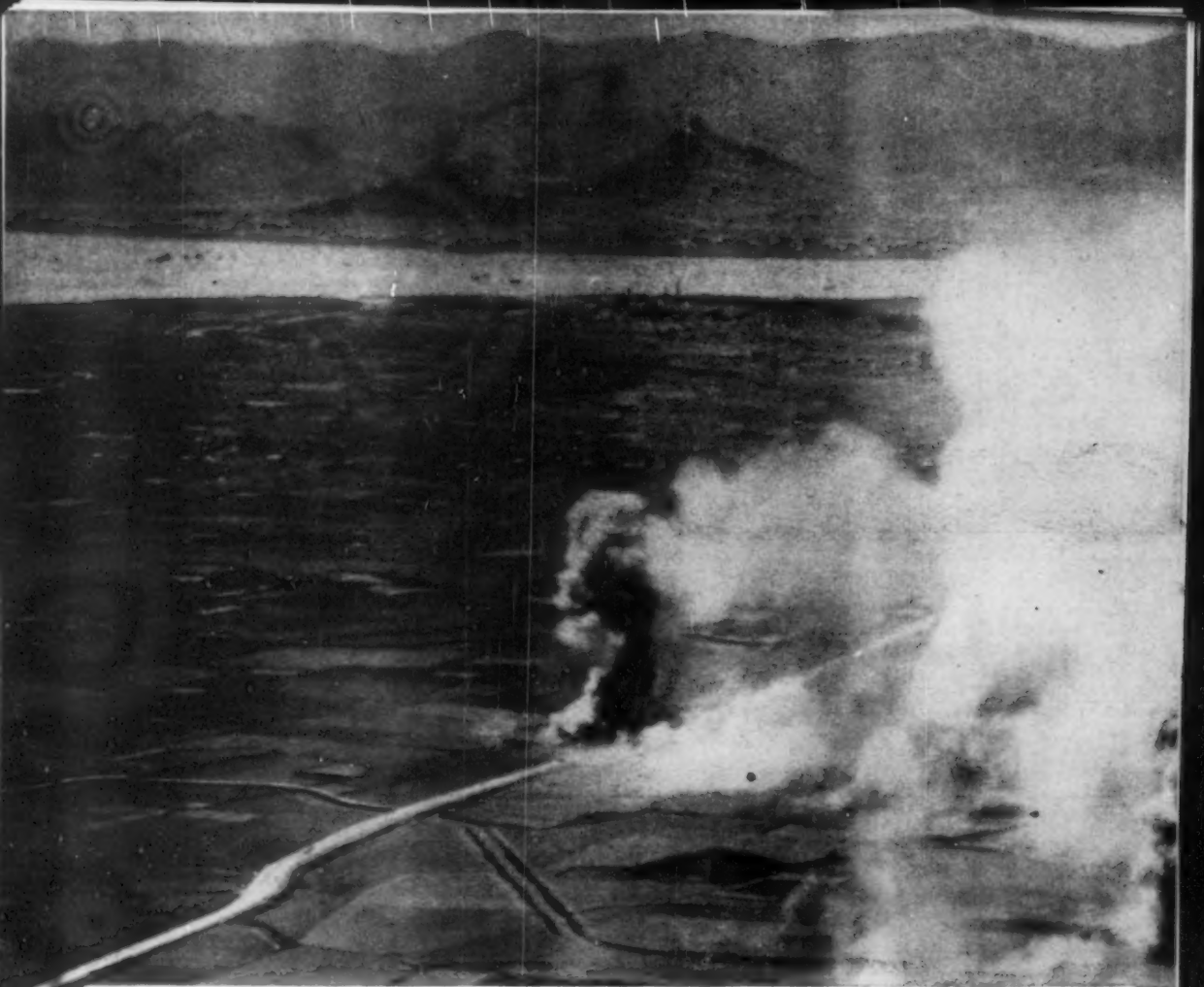
At four o'clock the next afternoon, almost 19 hours after he had entered the water, a search plane located Staples and the other four swimmers. They were floating **44 MILES AT SEA!** When he was hauled from the water, badly sun-burned and weak, Henry Staples owed his thanks to the Almighty God who had watched over him during those 19 torturous hours in the water.

In gratitude, Henry Staples gave the Navy's Underwater Demolition Teams one of the strongest testimonials a military organization could desire. Upon recovery he asked to be returned to the Frogmen. He wanted no other outfit. Today he is considered one of the most valuable men in the Underwater Demolition Unit at Little Creek, Virginia. (continued on page 58)



When a Frogman comes out of the water he doesn't have to be warned to keep his tail down. If he forgets,

enemy small arms fire is usually a quick reminder. Ashore, the Frogs do their job in a hurry, then skip



DENSE clouds of choking dust billowed skyward above the Seoul City air base as Marine Corsair fighter planes zoomed skyward from their airstrip on the Han River bank beyond gutted Seoul. Airborne, the planes joined formation, then headed North. Their destination—the great North Korean airbase of Sinuiju on the Yalu River bank.

The Corsairs' ground crewmen stood in little groups watching the flight grow dimmer on the horizon, then disappear. Slowly, the groups broke up and the men sauntered back to their jobs. They'd get very little work done while this flight was in the air. This wasn't the usual close air support mission. It was a big raid. Every plane that could fly had taken off, loaded with heavy bombs. These crewmen had a stake in those planes. The aircraft mechanics could almost hear the throbbing of the Corsairs' engines in their minds. . . .

"Those buckets of bolts are going to have a rough time," commented a sergeant grimly.

"Yeh, I know just what you mean, sarg," replied a corporal. "I spent all night help-



SINUJU RAID

by MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

ing get the bomb loads ready—I sure hope the bomb rack on number seven works.”

If you had been there watching the flight line, you would have seen the same old picture that had been repeated time and again during the last war when raiding planes took off on rough missions. Here and there, you would have seen a Marine step out of his tent, scan the sky, then shrug his shoulders and walk back inside. The pilots flying those planes weren't alone—every man on the field was on that raid.

The same picture was being repeated at other airfields in South Korea. Marine Panther jets and Corsairs were on their way to the target area. Jet and propeller-driven fighters of the Air Force and F-51s of the South Africans would meet them at Sinuiju. This was to be a mammoth all-out air assault by fighter bombers. The Air Force was sending planes from as far away as Japan. Practically everything that could fly from the First Marine Air Wing and Fifth Air Force was airborne.

Sinuiju airbase was a high priority target. The North Korean Air Force, riddled for months by Allied airmen, was attempting a comeback. The airbase was well protected. Fast MIG-15 jet fighters were based just across the Yalu River in Antung.

TURN PAGE

SINUIJU RAID (cont.)

Here, right in the heart of MIG alley, any raid would be met by fierce MIG attacks. Allied airmen expected the flak to be so thick that they would be easy prey for the speedy MIGs. The raid would be a big gamble, but the target had to be knocked out. The Fifth Air Force had weighed the problem and had drawn up the master plans.

First, Marine F9F Panther jets would fly over the area and suck the MIG jets up from their base in An-tung. When the MIGs started chasing the Panthers, Air Force F-86s flying above would pounce on them. While the Air Force jets kept the MIGs busy, the slower Corsairs and F-51s would bomb the Sinuiju airbase. If the raid went off as planned, all that the propeller-driven craft would have to worry about would be the AA fire. If the MIGs did break through, the Corsairs and F-51s would really be in trouble. This was one of those raids where the necessary results seemed to justify the gamble.

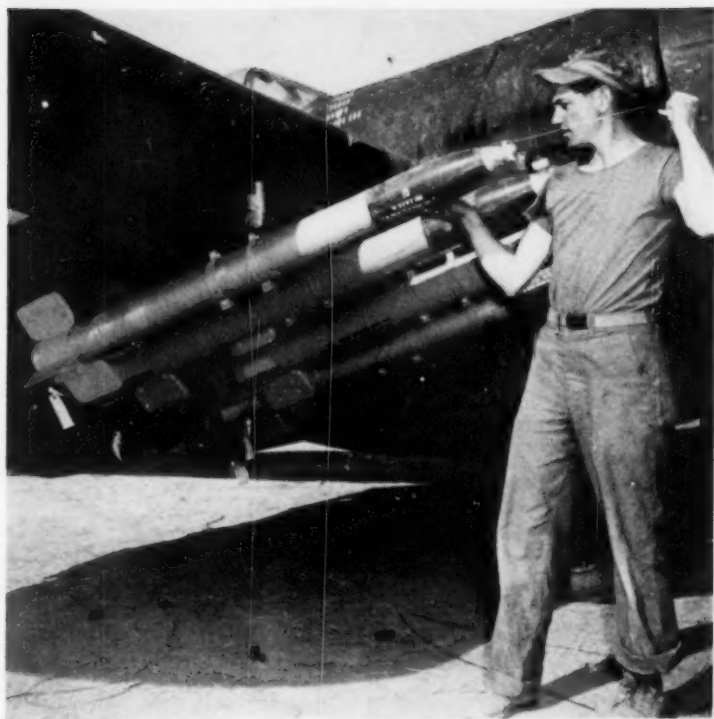
Marine Panther jets from Marine Air Group-35 reached the scene first. They drew light AA fire and started the MIGs scrambling. At first only four of the enemy craft were drawn into the trap; then, others came up. Air Force



Napalm or jelly-gas, ingredients for a "hot-time in the old town below" are loaded aboard a Marine Corsair by members of the ground crew



"Eggs," Marine pilot style, are readied for scrambling on the Sinuiju Raid at a bomb dump near Seoul City



ful job of interception," he complimented.

Commenting on part of the run, Major Clark recalled that when his flight reached the target area, Air Force F-80s were attacking the target. The F-80s asked for more time on the target. Knowing that he couldn't linger around MIG alley with his slow Corsairs, the major replied, "Sorry! we're already in our dives."

First Lieutenant Thomas W. Riggs of VMF-214 got a good close-up look at several MIG-15s. In fact he was almost the first Marine airman to be shot down by a MIG. Just as Riggs started his turn to make his dive, he saw two MIGs. They were about 1000 feet above him. Then as he started to roll, he saw four more MIGs line up in a tight formation about 400 feet in front of him.

"They sat up there like ghosts," he explained. "They were gray with no marking. I guess they must have just come across the Yalu."

During the excitement, Riggs found himself running too near the Yalu. He turned. Two of the MIGs peeled off and came for him. They were on his

TURN PAGE

Corp. Robert S. Clark arms the rockets on his F4U fighter just before take-off

F-86s, aloft, and at the ready, pounced on them.

Then Marine Corsair fighters started their runs. The Death Rattlers, VMF-323, attacked first, followed by the Black Sheep, VMF-214 and the Death Dealers, VMF-212. Lieutenant Colonel Donald K. Yost, USMC, Deputy Commander of Marine Air Group-12, led the attack. As flight after flight dove on the target area, huge billows of smoke and dust piled high in the air. The detonation of the bombs from the preceding planes rocked the Corsairs as they made their dives.

The Corsairs and F-51s, slow compared to the speedy MIGs, got into the target area fast, dropped their loads, then got the hell out to escape the expected heavy AA fire and enemy jet interception. MIG alley was no place for propeller-driven fighters to hang around. Several of the MIGs tried to climb into the Corsair formation in an attempt to break up the raid, but they were driven off by Air Force F-86s, flying cover above.

Major Don Clark of VMF-323, leading an eight-plane section in the early part of the raid, saw eight MIGs taking off from their airstrip across the Yalu. When the MIGs crossed the river, they were attacked by F-86s.

"Those Air Force F-86s did a wonder-



First Lieutenant T. W. Riggs has a first that anyone could do without. His Corsair was the first to come within close range of a Commie jet

SINUIJU RAID (cont.)

tail at 300 feet, but for an unknown reason they didn't fire at him. Four Corsairs, following Riggs, apparently scared them, for they broke off the attack. When Riggs saw them break off, he made his run, dropped his bombs, and then got out of the area.

The Marines' attack on Sinuiju lasted only eight minutes, but it was eight minutes packed with destruction. The Marine aircraft, the largest number to participate in a Korean raid, literally saturated the area with death and destruction. The Air Force, at loss for words to describe the damage done to the Sinuiju air base, reported that the area had been thoroughly clobbered.

The last Marine planes in the area were two Corsair photographic planes. They stayed behind to make strike reconnaissance photos. During their runs they reported that they saw large concentrations of enemy tanks and long lines of moving trucks across the Yalu.



Minor details get a thorough check. An ever ready status is maintained as Staff Sgt. Harry Hendrixson and his crew go to work on their F4U



Marine airmen whose actions at Sinuiju were evidently not enough to satisfy them, spotted a locomotive on their way up to the target area, zoomed down, knocked out the locomotive and destroyed two warehouses and damaged a factory.

It was a very tired, nervous, group of fighter pilots who returned to their bases that afternoon. Some of the planes had been hit with flak; one had 15 holes. But they all got back. They had expected heavy losses from the flak and enemy jet interception. Their ground crews who had been standing by, counting the planes returning—each jumping with joy when his own plane was identified—greeted the pilots with open arms. Together, pilot and crewmen walked around the plane examining it for flak holes. The repair crews went right to work, for the planes had to be ready for the next flight in the morning. This was just one raid, there were many more to come. For Captain Edward C. Torbitt, the Sinuiju raid was his 100th mission.

That night as the pilots relaxed and talked over the mission, the Armed Forces radio in Tokyo carried the whole story of the Sinuiju raid. They reported it to be the biggest raid of the war—and 300 planes can do a lot of damage.

END

← Pilots get briefed and assemble data before take-off on the Sinuiju Raid

MAJOR General Ray A. Robinson has been wearing the eagle, globe, and anchor for 33 years. Today, he is the commanding general of the Second Marine Division, FMF, and Marine Barracks, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

During WW II his performance of duty as chief of staff of the Third Marine Division during the recapture of Guam in July and August, 1944, earned for him his first award of the Legion of Merit. He received his second award of the Legion of Merit for another engagement involving the Japs; this time on Iwo Jima. On that occasion he served with the Fifth Marine Division in the same staff position he had served with the Third.

At the age of 20, Ray Robinson enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps; observed his 21st birthday while in boot camp; and three months later accepted a commission as a second lieutenant.

Although he had enlisted on May 21, 1917, a month after American entry into the first world conflict, and was eager for combat, he was destined to spend the following year Stateside. He completed his course at the Officers' Training School, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, and sailed for France with the Thirteenth Marine Regiment on September 13, 1918. Two months later, the Armistice was signed.

During the years of peace, Gen. Robinson served aship and ashore. He commanded a Marine Detachment aboard the USS *Colorado*. When the Koumingtang army advanced northward in China he served on the staff of the commanding general of the Third Marine Brigade, first in Shanghai, later in Tientsin.

While Marines were guarding the U. S. Mail, he served on the staff of the commanding general, Western Mail Guard. During the summer of '29, he was officer in charge of the detachment that built Hoover's initial camp on the Rapidan. At MCS, Quantico, and at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, he served as a maintenance officer.

In 1939, with a 22-year background of training and education Gen. Robinson returned to China. This time he was assigned as executive officer, and operations officer, Marine Detachment, at the American Embassy, Peiping. Before he returned to the United States in June, 1941, he was named commanding officer, Marine Detachment, American Embassy at Peiping.

At Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., he joined the Personnel Section, Division of Plans and Policies, and became officer in charge of that section in April, 1942. In October, 1943, he was assigned officer in charge of the Operations and Training Section, Division of Plans and Policies, a responsibility he held until ordered

overseas as chief of staff to the Third Marine Division.

In June, 1945, he was named assistant division commander to the Fifth Marine Division. Following the surrender of Japan he landed as Sasebo, on the Japanese homeland. Later he organized and commanded the Fukuoka Occupation Force. For these services Gen. Robinson was awarded the Bronze Star Medal.

Since then he has served as Fleet Marine officer on the staff of the commander in chief of the Pacific and Pacific Ocean Area; chief of Staff, FMF, Pacific; Director of the Division of Plans and Policies, Headquarters Marine Corps; and inspector general. He

was assigned to his present position June 30, 1950.

Major General Robinson has been awarded the Presidential Unit Citation with two stars, Navy Unit Commendation with Bronze Star, the Victory Medal with one Bronze Star; Yangtze Service Medal, China 1927; Marine Corps Expeditionary Medal, China 1928-29; China Service Medal, China 1939; American Defense Service Medal with Base Clasp, China 1939-41; American Campaign Medal; Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal with two Bronze Stars; and the World War II Victory Medal, in addition to the Legion of Merit and Gold Star in lieu of a second Legion of Merit.

END

Know Your Leaders

by Sgt. Curtis W. Jordan

Leatherneck Staff Writer



MAJOR GENERAL RAY A. ROBINSON

DATELINE..KOREA



Marine "49ers" pan a Korean stream for gold during break in war near Chaun-ni. (L-R) Pfc Bret Kelley of

Cannon Beach, Ore., Sgt. John Stent, Warner Springs, Calif., and Pfc Fred Erdsieck of West Orange, N. J.

Edited by
MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.

Recreation

A HANDFUL of "morale specialists" are giving those dull off-duty hours a shot in the arm with their efforts to entertain Marine, Army and Air Force personnel at a Korean Air base.

It started with the arrival of Sergeant Charles G. Robinson. With him was Corporal Edward J. Mooney.

In a small, wooden floored tent on a former rice paddy, the pair set up a recreation room. It was a welcome sight to the airdrome personnel with no other "fun" facilities available. It housed a radio-phonograph, magazines donated by folks at home and several hundred books procured from a Navy fleet library.

Pump shotguns were issued to hunters; athletes could check out gloves and balls. Crossword and jig-saw puzzles were supplied to the less active.

When three more Special Services men came to help, the unit began issuing mail to a squadron and handing

out rations of toilet articles. A tent-housed exchange store was operating, pinochle tournaments were scheduled in the mess hall, a copy of *Stars and Stripes*, Armed Forces newspaper, was delivered to each tent, and with one projector and a bedsheet-screen, four movies a week were shown in a mess hall.

NCO-in-Charge of the unit is Technical Sergeant Warren H. Smith. Smith knows the value of recreation; he was a Japanese prisoner of war captured with the Fourth Marines at Corregidor in World War II.

By Sergeant Cully Culwell
Marine Corps Combat Correspondent
First Marine Air Wing

* * *

Brave Corpsman

MEN of the Fifth Marine regiment will tell you that a Navy hospital corpsman, Robert L. McMinn, is as brave as they come.

At twilight one day recently, several Marine riflemen saw McMinn dash from cover through enemy fire to an exposed spot on a road where a bullet-smashed jeep stood smoldering.

"What's the Doc doing?" one Marine asked.

"Went to see if he can help the man lying there," another explained.

"Why, the poor kid's dead! We all know it—the Doc knows it."

"Yeah, I know . . . but the Doc thought the kid just might be alive. Didn't want to wait in case he could do anything."

They all watched then, as Hospitalman Third Class McMinn risked his life to make doubly sure there was nothing he could do to help the fallen Marine.

By Technical Sergeant George S. Chappars
Marine Corps Combat Correspondent
First Marine Division

* * *

A "Last"

MARINE airmen have recorded many "firsts" in their history, but this one inadvertently came up with a "last."

On the third day of the evacuation of wounded and frostbitten infantrymen from surrounded Koto-ri strip, high in the mountains near the Chosin reservoir, First Lieutenant John Murphy dropped his torpedo bomber in on the short stretch of cleared ground and looked around for passengers.

There were none. In fact, there was no one in sight, wounded or otherwise.

Murphy was convinced that his services were no longer required when a fighter pilot radioed from overhead, "Hey, get out of there—Koto-ri is closed!"

At the same moment a Marine tank rumbled by. The tank commander opened his hatch and waved urgently in the direction of Hambung. Murphy beat the tank off the field.

The night fighter pilot had volunteered to assist the emergency evacuation of hundreds of casualties from Koto-ri. It was found necessary to employ borrowed Navy torpedo-bombers for the operation owing to the short runway.

The operation was successfully completed just prior to Murphy's last landing.

First Marine Air Wing

* * *

Korean Homecoming

DICK SHAW went home on leave after eight continuous months of fighting with the Marines in Korea.

His house in his home town was one of the few untouched by artillery, air raids and naval gunfire. Most of his family were alive.

Dick's real name is Shaw Chin-Ching. For the past half-year he has been an interpreter-interrogator with the First Marine Division. Since he volunteered his services to a Marine intelligence section in his native city of Seoul, he has been with the Marines at Wonsan, at the Chosin Reservoir, and the push from the Wonju-Hoengsong bulge up to the 38th parallel.

He had neither seen nor heard of his family until his seven-day leave from Hongchon.

"I thumbed my way to Seoul," Shaw related in his missionary-taught English. "There were many people returning to the city, and I went with them."

He went to his home block and was "very, very happy" when he saw that his pre-war home had managed to stand through four occupations of the city.

"My family were all living in the old house," Dick went on, "but I knew no one else. All of the neighbors had gone south."

Much had happened during Dick's absence. His mother had lost much weight worrying about Dick and his brother—and dreading that the Communists might be back again. Dick's niece, born during the Chinese occupation, had died at the age of ten days from lack of food. His girl had moved to Pusan to escape Red occupation troops.

Rice, the main Korean diet, was scarce, although one of the local police

stations had set up a supply service for the starving citizens. Chinese had pillaged every home in the city, Shaw's included, taking everything of value.

Black markets flourished in the city's alleyways. Fabulous prices were demanded for the necessities of life.

Dick's brother, who had fled to Pusan before the North Korean invasion in June, 1950, hadn't been heard from since. His wife had been forced to stay in the house weeks on end to avoid being molested by the Chinese.

Books had been confiscated, schools were non-existent. The family was in need of clothes, and Dick's two months' pay was snatched up despite the fact it wouldn't go far on the profit-crazy black markets.

Food hoarded through the long weeks of occupation was growing low, and flour—just flour—had become the most common food for breakfast, dinner and supper.

Dick is now back with the Marines on the central front, fighting against the Communism that has shattered much of his homeland. His story was a sobering experience to many Marines. One man observed quietly:

"I'd hate like hell to get a seven-day leave, if it meant going back to Boston and finding it like Dick found his home in Seoul . . ."

Corporal David X. Sharpe, USMC
Marine Corps Combat Correspondent

Assurance

THE Chinese prisoner trembled violently as the Marine marched him down the still-smoking hill. As they neared the command post an officer called out:

"Turn him over to one of the other men!"

A husky young Leatherneck stepped briskly forward with his rifle to take over custody of the prisoner. By that time, the terrified Chinese, apparently thinking he was to be shot, dropped to his knees and clasped the Marine's legs, sobbing pitifully.

There was an embarrassed, shocked silence. Then the Marines began shouting a bedlam of advice to allay the fear of an enemy they would have shot in combat a few minutes before.

The versions were varied but the theme was the same:

"Somebody tell him we ain't gonna shoot him!"

A moment later the Red soldier began to calm down as one of the men began "giving him the scoop."

The Chinese—not understanding a single word, but relaxing under the Marine's soothing tone—was listening intently.

The Marine continued:

"There ain't nobody gonna hurt ya, Bud, see? Maybe they'll send ya to Pusan, see, and you'll play basketball.

TURN PAGE



Red land mines cause trouble. Engineers (L-R) Corp. James Armella, Capt. Lester Harmon and Corp. Robert L. Zuti dig "clams" from road

DATELINE . . KOREA (cont.)

and go to the movies once in a while and see the USO shows."

"Yeah," interposed another Marine, listening to his buddy. "Betcha they got beer by the barrel, too—I mean fruit juice!"

A third Marine nodded and made his simple Corps-wise contribution to calming the completely puzzled prisoner!

"Why, sure, Mac! You got it made if you don't foul up!"

* * *

What's In A Title?

MATCH your sense of humor with the Marines — they're still laughing at their company gunnery sergeant.

When the company was pinned down temporarily while fighting in the Hoeng-song sector, the Marines noticed Technical Sergeant John T. Bennett calmly reading a pocket book in his foxhole. The title of his book: "Suddenly A Corpse!"

First Marine Division

* * *

Household Hint

SELDOM does necessity have more opportunity for motherhood than with cooks manning front line galleys in Korea.

Mess sergeant William L. Penney decided to "whomp up a batch" of jelly-filled doughnuts for palate-weary men in his unit. Necessary ingredients were mixed and sizzling in deep fat when he had a horrible thought!

How was he to get the jelly into the jellied doughnuts?

Sgt. Penney rose magnificently to the emergency. Cranking up the field telephone, he contacted sick bay.

No, sick bay did not have an ear syringe. "Sorry . . . what the hell do you want with an ear syringe anyway?"

Undaunted by skepticism and sarcasm, Penney called motor transport.

Two hours later every man in the company was chomping away on doughnuts, complete with jelly centers.

"Nothin' like a grease gun for filling pastry," said Penney proudly. "Don't know why I didn't think of it sooner."

First Marine Division

* * *

The Freeze

FIRST Lieutenant Charles H. Burgans, a former California farmer, is a "Nightmare" squadron member of Major General Field Harris' 1st Marine Aircraft Wing in Korea. His squadron flies its "Corsair" night fighter-bombers against the enemy when all good pilots should be in their sleeping bags.

Not long ago, Burgans was flying in the worst snow storm he'd ever seen. To make it worse, he was several hundred miles from home, it was night, and he was a mile high with only a thin means of support.

He caught a small truck convoy near Pyong-gang, North Korea, blasted it with bombs and followed through to strafe it thoroughly with his 20-mm. cannons. Trucks blazed and one exploded. He tallied up complete destruction of three and damage to several others.

One thing puzzled him on the way home—two of his bombs had not exploded. But the battle for his life

against the elements gave him little time to think about past deeds. His windshield was collecting snowflakes faster than the heater could melt them. Over Seoul, his wings picked up so much snow the fighter became sluggish, and to make things really bad, his airspeed indicator went out of commission.

Burgans dumped the snow from his wings by making shallow dives and changing the air flow over the wings so that the snow blew away. Later a blinding rain solved his snow problems and life became easier. But an instrument failure in a heavy single-engined fighter without an airspeed indicator can get "rough."

Finally Burgans found home base and landed. When the plane hit the strip two 220-lb. bombs dropped from frozen racks and bounded down the strip beside the astonished pilot.

Fortunately, the bombs did not explode, and Burgans called it a night—only to find that his fellow "Nightmares" had been grounded for hours "because of the weather."

Major F. H. Smyth

Marine Corps Combat Correspondent

First Marine Aircraft Wing

Pipe Dream

MARINES fighting in North Korea are accustomed to unusual offers of aid by North Koreans. But this one had them stumped.

A professed "vice-president of the anti-communist party," showed up at a Marine check-point with a large stock of opium to sell to the enemy.

"It's the only way I have of fighting against communists; selling them opium," the salesman declared.



Old adage "It's all Greek to me" found a welcome in Korea when two Marines of the 1st Marine Air Wing

swapped stories with four men of the Royal Hellenic Air Force, Greek volunteers serving with UN forces

Marine M.P.s considered his patriotic plan for only a moment, then juggled him to await disposition by higher authorities.

First Marine Division

* * *

Puzzled

FOR expectant father Marine Major P. F. Avant, Jr., it isn't "Is it a boy?" It's "Is it a boy or is it a girl or both?"

Returning from a Corsair strike with the First Marine Aircraft Wing against the Chinese communists, the major received a rush message from the States. It told him he was the father of a girl.

Then the next day, Major Avant got another message. This one said he was the father of a boy.

The major is puzzled.

First Marine Air Wing

* * *

Versage Lubricant

NEWS accounts of the northeast Korea winter fighting said that UN rifles and machine guns "froze" in the sub-zero temperatures.

Marine Technical Sergeant Frank T. Versage defeated this crippling obstacle. His official title is ordnance and ammunition chief in a battalion of the Fifth Marines.

As soon as the First Marine Division collided with the North Korean winter, Versage realized the need for some method of weapons protection. Ordinary lubricating oil sealed rifles and machine guns as effectively as a welding job. Washing weapons with gasoline and firing them dry was tried but friction soon caused the mechanism to jam.

The ordnance chief dropped all other work and spent a precious week experimenting. He came up with a conglomeration of graphite grease, diesel oil, 80 octane gasoline and No. 10 motor oil.

First he coated an M-1 rifle with the stuff. After 48 hours in 15-below weather the rifle functioned properly. He repeated the procedure, this time including a rifle treated with ordinary oil and a dry rifle. Oil resulted in 100 per cent stoppages; the non-treated weapon scored 60 per cent. The rifle coated with the "mixture" fired perfectly.

During the most critical days of the Chosin reservoir operation, the "Versage Lubricant" kept rifles and automatic weapons firing for most of the division.

By Corporal John T. Walden
Marine Corps Combat Correspondent
First Marine Division

END



General Matthew Ridgway, Supreme Commander Allied Powers, confers with Col. Francis McCallister, CO of First Marine Regiment in Korea



Maj. Joseph D. Trompeter was awarded Legion of Merit for plotting defense of Hagaru. LtCol. Thomas Ridge made presentation in Korea

'Twas winter time in Quantico
In nineteen-twenty-two;
The slum was pretty rough that night,
And all the men felt blue.
The hail and sleet with ghostly feet
Beat on the bunkhouse dome;
Some men doped out their time to do,
While others thought of home.

Then from the starless night there
slipped
In through the bunkhouse door
An old Top Sergeant whom no man
Had ever seen before.
The hoar frost glistened in his hair,
His eyes like star shells shone;
His gnarled mustache hid half his face,
And he was skin and bone.

He sat down near the glowing stove
And warmed his fleshless hands;
The chill of death was in his breath,
Like thunder his commands.
His voice was hollow like the tone

Who died from eating beans.
But them what ate the chow and lived,
They sure were hard-boiled guys;
They flicked the bullets off their coats
Just like so many flies."

The old Top Sergeant's voice grew low
And at its ghostly gloom
Men shivered, and the vermin crawled
Upon the bunkhouse broom.
He stuffed a live coal in his pipe
And deeply did inhale;
He blew the smoke clean through the
roof
And then resumed his tale.

"They said the devil made them mean
When he was in the skies,
And filled them all so full of hell,
It blazed out through their eyes.
Then old St. Peter found the bunch
And gave them souls of white,
But hell still boiled up in 'em and
They couldn't else but fight.

Each one had 'First to Fight,' tattooed
Across his chest in black,
And right betwixt his shoulder blade,
'Watch out, we're coming back.'

"Them hundred Devil Dogs sure was
A bold and daring crew,
They bit the soles right off their shoes
When e'er they'd want a chew.
There wasn't one amongst that bunch
Of them U. S. Marines
Who couldn't spit three fathoms deep
And sink three submarines.

"And when it came to shooting guns,
Why, say, them men was there;
They'd shave a man a mile away
And never miss a hair.
They'd trim the eyebrows off a lark
A-soaring in the sky,
Or shoot the points off falling stars
As long's they had an eye.

"They cruised on all the seven seas
And rationed on hard tack,
They'd fought their way around the
world
And half to hell and back.
They'd been in every war there was
Clean up to Vera Cruz;
The only thing they hadn't fought
Was Huns and too much booze.

"Now Jimmie Bones reached France
O.K.

With that all-furious crew,
And every one turned 'round to say
'No savvy parley vous.'
The French girls grabbed them by the
hand
And washed their necks with tears;
The Frenchmen slapped them on the
back
And yelled them deaf with cheers.

"Then Jimmie made a speech and said,
'I hear you got a war
Around here somewheres hereabout,
And that's what we came for.
But all I've got to say is this:
Enjoy it while you can
I'm going to clean up Germany
If I lose every man.'

"The Germans heard that Jimmie
Bones
Had crossed the sea to fight,
And when they got the awful news,
Their feet turned cold with fright.
So when they lamped his roughneck
crew
From off an aeroplane,
It nearly knocked 'em for a goal
And some went plumb insane.

"Said they, 'What is this thing
Marines?
If they had said before
They had such devil dogs as those,
There wouldn't be no war'
So that is how they got their name

CAPT. JIMMY BONES

And His Devil Dog Marines

Of one who'd long been dead;
But when he spoke the silence broke,
And this is what he said:

"Pipe down, all you devil whelps,
And snap out of your dreams;
A tale I'll tell you of heaven and hell,
And the Devil Dog Marines:
Just Captain Jimmie Bones, M.C.,
Their Skipper wrote his name;
He was a fiend for fighting,
He had no care for fame.

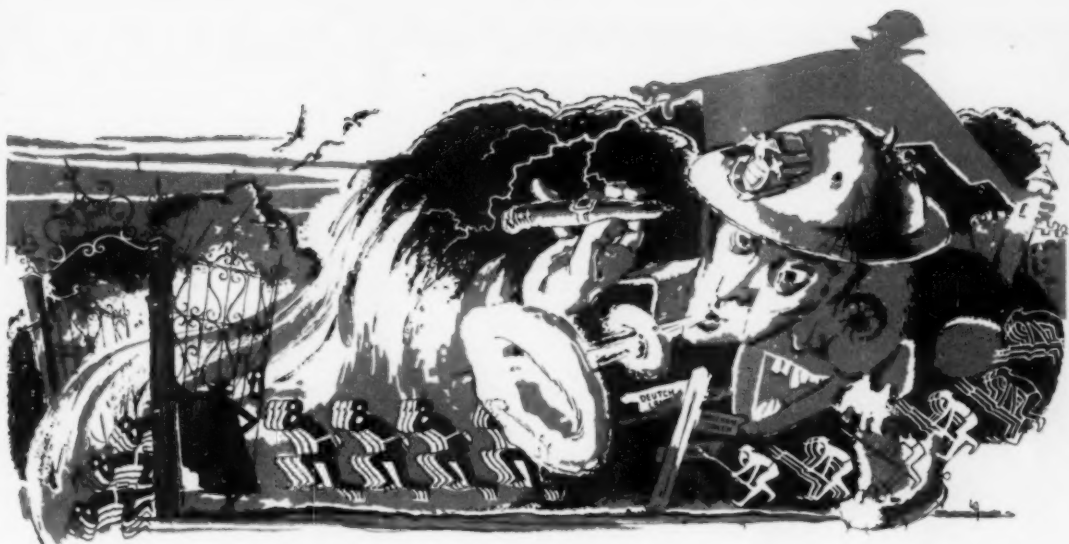
"Have never seen so fierce a man
On land nor sky nor sea;
He had a scar for every war,
And fought in ninety-three.
When he was riled, he had an eye
That drilled a hole through men;
He spoke but once and no man asked
Him how nor why nor when.

"Now Jimmie was the headpiece
Of a hundred brave Gyrenes:
He used to have a whole lot more,

"So Peter had to can Old Nick
And when to earth he fell,
He got himself a steady job
Recruiting souls for hell.
Well, Peter stamped Marines O.K.
And marked them all First Class,
'Cause all that ever scared 'em was
To see a looking glass.

"Now some they come from Texas sand
So they was full of grit,
And some was from Montana Plains
Where they'd been roughing it,
Some more they come from old New
York
And wore a Bowery frown,
Then some which was the toughest
came
From good old 'Frisco town.

"Old Jimmie Bones shoved off for
France
In nineteen-seventeen,
And shipped across the roughest crew
The world had ever seen.



Of Devil Dog Marines,
And ever since they chased the Dutch
Dachshund clean off the scene."

The old Top Sergeant rolled his eyes
As though to recollect,
And where he let his fierce glance fall
It scorched six feet of deck.
Said he, "No man has ever lived
That crossed old Jimmie Bones:
He had the power that lifted men
Or dragged kings down from
thrones.

"A general of the Allies looked
Out through his periscope
And seen ten million German Huns
A-coming on the lope.
He bit his short mustache and said:
"We're in an awful stew,
We only got a million men,
It looks like they'll break through."

"Then Jimmie Bones piped up and
said:
'You didn't count Marines;
I got some hell dogs that'll chew
The spikes right off their beans.
'Cause numbers don't mean nothing to
My well-behaving crew;
Why they ain't been to school enough
To count the men they've slew.'

"The general said, 'You win, my man,
Go take your wild Marines
And form a scouting party
Just to double up the scenes.'
Then Jimmie Bones saluted stiff
And to the general said:

"We'll break through to Berlin, sir,
If we don't we'll come back dead."

"With that he yelled, 'Outside,
Marines.
And snap out of your hop;
We're going out to gather up
The German lemon crop.
And if I see one of you men
So much as leave a rind,
You'll rate the brig till kingdom come
And sixty dollars fine.'

"The hundred Devil Dogs fell out
And then they all fell in;
And each one closed a gap in ranks
By shaving up his chin.
The chief cook turned up missing when
The time for counting come,
But he was cooking shrapnel up
To make the crew some slum.

"Then Jimmie Bones, he gave a talk;
To all his men he said:
'We are shipping on a heavy sea
With reefs and shoals ahead;
But all I got to say is this:
Remember, you're Marines,
'Cause water settles everything,
And that's what our name means.'

"He marched 'em on company front
In quick and double time,
He marched 'em in a riot square
And in a skirmish line.
He ran 'em in a platoon rush
And then by single squad;
And each advance ten thousand Huns
Stretched out and hit the sod.

"They mowed 'em down with
Browning guns
And with their Springfield gats,
And then they couldn't get that way
They stuck with bayonets.
And when they came to trenches they
Just shoved the banks all in,
And tons of Huns were swallowed up
And never lived again.

"The Germans shot a bunch of bombs
Of dead limburger cheese,
But all it did to Jimmie's men
Was to make 'em cough and sneeze.
Then Jimmie lit a strong cigar
From off a passing shell;
Three million Huns got one good whiff
And died from that vile smell.

"The hundred Devil Dogs shoved on;
Their eyes flashed liquid fire,
Which melted guns and cannons up
Like they were just lead wire.
They kicked about a million Huns
Into the River Marne,
And if they drowned or sunk or swam
They didn't give a darn.

"The Germans thought that judgment
day
Had come to take its toll;
They got the Julia in their knees
And trembled in their soles.
And when they saw those Devil Dogs,
And learned their awful yell,
They knowed their judgment day had
come
And they was picked for hell.

TURN PAGE

CAPT. JIMMY BONES (cont.)

"So what was left throwed up their mits
And hollered 'Kamerad';
But Jimmie's men thought that was Dutch
For talk profaning God.
So they stuck their bayonet
Right through them anyhow,
And buzzards came down from the sky
And ate 'em up for chow.



"Now Kaiser Bill and Hindenburg
Was in a game of craps;
He staked his royal crown against
A box of ginger snaps.
Old Hindy won the crown and said,
'This ain't no good to me,
I'd sooner have a bite to eat
Than all of Germany.'

"Said Kaiser Bill, 'I'll tell you what—
You lend ten marks to me;
I'll pay it back in a month or two
With French indemnity.'
Said Hindy, 'Where'd you get that
stuff?
D'you see some green on me?
I bought myself some Liberty Bonds
From Mrs. Liberty.'

"Just then the Crown Prince busted in
And said, 'Oh, Papa, dear,
I see some wild men coming who
Will wreck this joint, I fear;
I'll shoot a long range shot at them,
And if they still persist,
Then I'll take out a million men
And slap them on the wrist."

"The Kaiser took a peep out from
A half raised window blind
And seen a hundred Devil Dogs
A-swimming across the Rhine;
The river was a-running blood
From all the men they slew,
And every time they ducked their
heads,
They'd drink a quart or two.

"The Kaiser's hair stood up on end
And turned from black to white,
And when he spied old Jimmie Bones
His blood ran cold with fright.
He grabbed the Prince's hand and said,
'Don't fool with that wild Yank,
He'll fill you full of bullet holes
Where Papa used to spank.

"What Ho, the Guard!' cried Kaiser Bill.
'There ain't no guard no more,'
Said Hindenburg 'The guard was shot
Out there by the palace door.'
'Where is my ally, Gott?' yelled Bill.
'Von Gott, he ain't at home,'
Said Hindenburg: 'The Gott you had
Was in your crazy dome.'

"The Kaiser's eyes stuck out a mile.
'What shall I do?' said he.
'I'll save me and my six brave sons;
To hell with Germany.'
Said Hindenburg: 'It went to hell



Long time before this thing;
Ten million Huns that you sent there
Are waiting for their King.'

"The outside palace door crashed in,
There was a mighty roar.
'Thank Gott,' said Hindenburg: 'I'll
see
That mush of yours no more.'
With that he grabbed his gat and
blowed
The brains out of his head.
And Kaiser Bill knowed then and
there
He meant just what he said.

"The Kaiser beat it for the door,
And flung it open wide;
And there he met Jimmie Bones
A-coming just outside.
Behind him was his Devil Dogs
With gleaming bayonets
And Kaiser Bill knowed they had
come
To get a whole world's bets.

"Then Jimmie gave him just one look

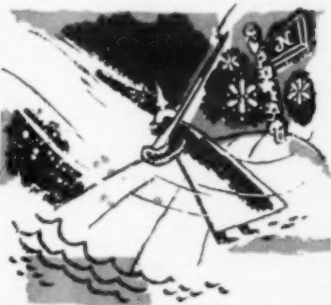
That turned his gizzard pale,
And made him wish that he had spent
His life in some nice jail.
Said Jimmie Bones, 'So you're the cur
That kicked up all this row;
You got about an hour to live,
So don't give us no gow.'

"The Kaiser's nerve went over the hill,
His brow dripped bloody sweat;
He got down on his knees and cried
And got the carpet wet.
His teeth they rattled just like dice
Do in a game of craps;
And every word that Jimmie spoke
Was like a note of taps.

"Then Jimmie Bones drewed out his
gat,
And then he tossed it by;
Said 'You ain't fit enough to live,
And not that fit to die.
You've served the devil all your life,
But now you'll work for me.'
And then he thought up things to do;
Jim Bones can think of three.

"You'll stand a guard of twenty hours
Around the Arctic Zone,
With fifteen minutes off to thaw
The marrow in your bones.
And every hour throughout the night
You'll answer reveille,
And every twenty years or more
You'll rate a liberty.

"And all you'll have to drink



Is German blood you've shed:
And when you're hungry you will gnaw
The bones of German dead.
You'll do a jolt in eighty-four
For ten or twenty years,
And under a hard-boiled non-com,
You'll shed your dying tears.'

"Then Jimmie stopped and silence
filled
The gloomy castle hall;
The Kaiser rose and tried to speak,
Then fell against the wall.
Said he, 'I thought the devil was
A tough and ugly guy,
But you got Satan cheated with
One look out of your eye.'

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)

Leatherneck will pay \$5.00 for each
W-T-M item accepted for publication

Edited by TSgt. Ronald D. Lyons

Premier

The Glee Club of Headquarters Battalion, HQMC, made its first public appearance of the year recently at the premier of the Republic movie, "Fighting Coast Guard," in Washington, D. C.

The group of 48 Women Marines, directed by Major Phillip H. McArdle, USMC, participated in the stage presentation which included personal appearances of Ella Raines, Brian Donlevy and Forrest Tucker, who starred in the Coast Guard production.

TURN PAGE



Ella Raines, who stars in Republic's "Fighting Coast Guard," drew rapt attention from Pfc R. Weslowski

and Corp. V. Lounsberry when she made a personal appearance during pic's Washington, D. C. premiere

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

Jack Dempsey, Brian Donlevy and Forrest Tucker were surrounded by Women Marines at recent movie premiere



"Operation Vacation"

"Operation Vacation" was launched by the Veterans of Foreign Wars a short time ago. The program provides an expense-free, two-week recuperative vacation in Miami, Florida, for returned Korean convalescent veterans and their wives. A different couple is expected to be chosen every two weeks for two years.

Each couple will fly to Miami from National Airport, Washington, D. C., by Eastern Air Lines and will be housed free of charge in the luxurious Saxon Motel. The management of the motel is financing the project.

Selected for the first trip were 28-year-old Marine Sergeant and Mrs. Phillip Sabato of Washington, D. C. Sgt. Sabato has eight years in the Corps.

Shortly after the "police action" began in Korea he shipped out with the 3rd Marine Battalion. During the push on the Chinju Reservoir, late in November, 1950, he was knocked out by the concussion of enemy artillery and during the long 60-hour truck evacuation in sub-zero weather, both of his feet were frostbitten.

On December 16, 1950, he was returned to the States and hospitalized at Bethesda Naval Medical Center.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

↓ Famed Marine General James Devereux, USMC (Ret.), congratulates Sgt. and Mrs. Phillip Sabato as they board plane for Miami vacation ↓





Helen Weir (L) &
Jo Ann Underwood

WE—THE MARINES

[continued from page 46]

Demonstrators

Marine Pfc James E. Clark, of Shreveport, Louisiana, and Staff Sergeant Richard J. Behan, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, demonstrated the Marines' traditional prowess in the field of marksmanship recently when they placed in 14 of the 17 matches at the Fourth Annual Desert Cavalcade Pistol shoot at Calexico, California.

Clark and Behan were the sole entrants from Camp Pendleton, but they returned from the three gun matches with a handsome silver tray and more than a dozen medals.

Sponsored by the Calexico Gun Club, the matches drew a field of approximately 120 competitors which included Marine, Navy and civilian hand gun specialists.

PIO, Camp Pendleton



Pfc James Clark and SSgt. Richard Brehan show Brigadier General Merrill Twining one of the prizes they won at a recent pistol shoot



Communications Center, FMF, Pacific, hums 24 hours a day as vital messages flow between Far East and Headquarters, Marine Corps

Background Men

All Marines can't be heroes. There must always be those who toil behind the scenes, planning, directing and coordinating the procurement and movement of men, material and supplies.

These men neither ask nor expect recognition for the jobs they perform. The cheering and applause go to the men who are risking their lives for the rights of freedom of mankind, and rightfully so. But the men at Headquarters, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, Pearl Harbor, play an important part in helping our fighting troops in Korea to continue hitting the Communists with telling effect.

Typewriters clatter like miniature machine guns as orders, requests, plans and recommendations flow between Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington, D. C., and the combat units in the Far East. Day and night, messages too important to wait for the comparatively slow airmail service, are rushed to their destinations by teletype and radio. Conferences are held daily to discuss tactical problems, logistical situations, and the thousand-and-one military puzzles which must be solved quickly and, above all, accurately.

It's not a large organization in numbers of personnel. In fact, the entire Headquarters occupies less than a half dozen buildings in the Navy Yard. But the task assigned to these Marines behind scenes is vitally essential to the success of our front line troops.

TSgt. J. P. Roach, USMC

Mistake!

Ex-Gunnery Sergeant Paul B. Biggs, of Kansas City, Missouri, picked up this Associated Press anecdote:

A master sergeant, decked out in the new blue uniform of the Air Force, was standing in front of the city hall in Newport News, Virginia. A little old lady, struggling under the weight of heavy suitcases, approached.

"Take my bags to the bus terminal," she ordered, evidently believing that the flier was a bellboy.

Startled by the request, the sergeant recovered quickly and did as he was told.

At the bus terminal, a block away, the traveler offered her benefactor a nickel tip.

The sergeant declined.

Second Division Reunion

Second Marine Division veterans of World War II are planning their Second Reunion to be held July 13-14-15, 1951, at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago. Veterans of the division who are not members of the Second Marine Division Association and who desire to join and attend the 1951 Reunion can write to the Treasurer, Second Marine Division Association, Headquarters, U.S. Marine Corps, Wash. 25, D. C.

Improved Situation

The weather was improving in Korea, and the Chinese were retreating on the central front where the Marines were advancing. Sure sign that the rations were picking up was this note sent from the front lines to Pfc Len-nart A. Ericson:

"Ericson, my buddy asked me to send you this note. Will you please check in his seabag and find his teeth? Guardmail 'em up to us. He wants to use 'em."

SSgt. Robert W. Tallent
Leatherneck Magazine

Joe Blow

Public Information writers at Parris Island, S. C., were all shook up recently when a new recruit filled out one of their questionnaires and signed it, Private Blow. Had they finally run across that time-honored symbol of Marine Corps anonymity—the mythical "Joe Blow"? The writers weren't sure, but they meant to find out.

They located the private in a hurry, but his first name wasn't Joe. Although it meant relinquishing a claim to fame, Private Blow guessed he'd just as soon go by his given name, Edwin. Private Edwin E. Blow lives at 7 Florence St., Manchester, Connecticut.

Meanwhile, the big hunt continues.

Marines with Clubs

'Round the world golf got a plug recently when two U.S. Marines demonstrated their ability and sportsmanship on the links of faraway Djakarta, Indonesia.

Master Sergeant John C. Davison and Technical Sergeant C. M. Cristina, attached to the Office of the United States Naval Attache at Djakarta, out-clubbed the field to win two overseas tournaments. Davison, who had previously copped the Java Amateur Championship, stroked off with the Amateur Championship of Indonesia. Cristina won the "Dutch Cup Championship" and helped the Djakarta team pocket the inter-club championship of Indonesia. That's golfing!

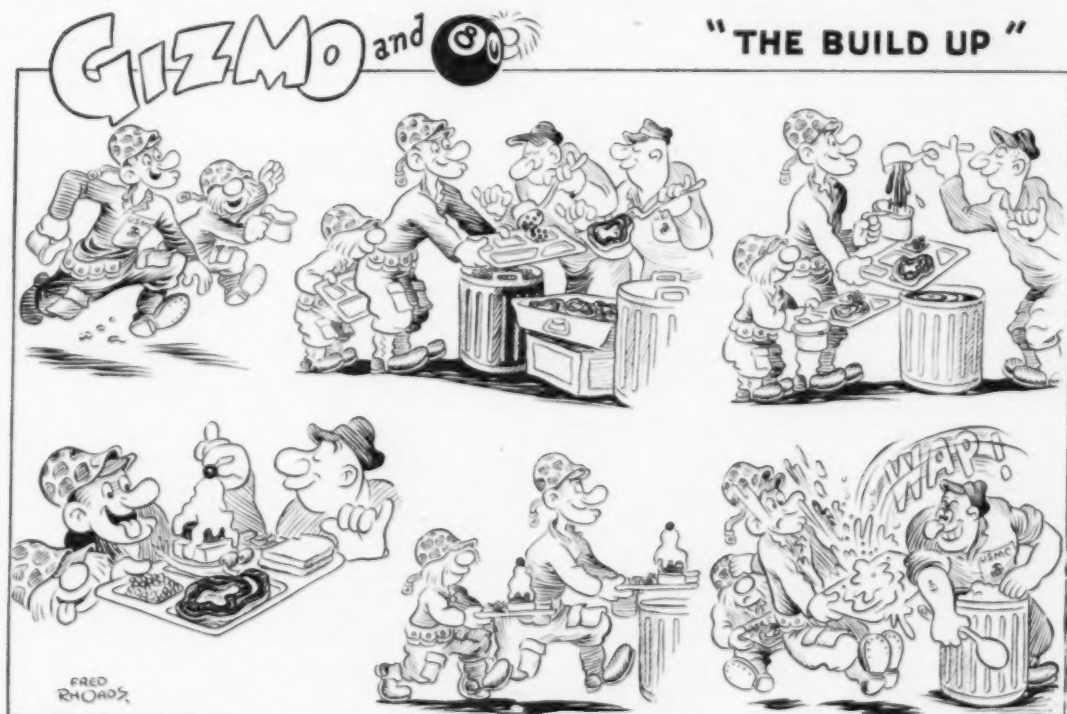
MSgt. James A. Chips

Reunion Time

Reunion of original members of the First Marine Aviation Force of World War I is scheduled for November 4 in the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco.

Former members of the WW II Marine outfit, living in California or surrounding states, are requested to send their names and present addresses to the Public Information Office, Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro (Santa Ana), California.

END





"In keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service" Citations and Awards for Service in Korea.



THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

CORPORAL JOSEPH F. BATLUCK—The Distinguished Service Cross (Posthumous)

"... for extraordinary heroism in military operations against an armed enemy..."

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL MACARTHUR

THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARD A. CRAIG—The Distinguished Service Medal

"... for exceptionally meritorious services to the Government of the United States..."

FRANCIS P. MATTHEWS, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

★ ★ ★ SILVER STAR MEDALS ★ ★ ★

"... for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity against the enemy..."

Major William L. Bates, Jr.
Capt. Arnold L. Emils
Capt. Alden MacBarron
Capt. Alfred F. McCaleb, Jr.
Capt. Andrew L. McVickers
Capt. Robert B. Robinson
Capt. Bruce F. Williams
1stLt. Bobby Carter
1stLt. John D. Cotton
1stLt. Leslie L. Davenport
1stLt. James W. Dunning
1stLt. Chester V. Farmer
1stLt. Gustave F. Lueddeke, Jr.
1stLt. Gerald J. McLaughlin
1stLt. Robert L. Nelson
1stLt. Austin S. Parker
1stLt. Richard A. Primrose
1stLt. Robert J. Richter

1stLt. Charles C. Ward
2ndLt. Tilton A. Anderson
2ndLt. Kenneth A. Bott
2ndLt. Dana B. Cashion
2ndLt. John M. Jackson
2ndLt. Edward C. Morris
2ndLt. Timothy C. Mulrennan
2ndLt. Robert G. Tobin
MSgt. Robert H. Brown
MSgt. Lawrence N. Leugen
MSgt. Matthew D. Monk
MSgt. Rocco A. Zullo
TSgt. Marvin Marlink
TSgt. William W. Mikelson
SSgt. Russell J. Borgomainerio
SSgt. Charlie B. Davidson, Jr.
SSgt. Bernie Otwell
Sgt. Martin C. Collier

Sgt. Doyle F. Earls
Sgt. Carl A. Evans
Sgt. Donald W. Goschke
Sgt. Felix Del Guidice
Sgt. John W. Murphy
Sgt. Scotia D. Oliver
Sgt. Harry E. Walters
Sgt. John C. Ward
Corp. Henry H. Black
Corp. George E. Coleman
Corp. Harold H. Gilliland
Corp. Cecil J. Griffin
Corp. Kenneth E. Hopkins
Corp. John J. Ivers
Corp. Robert J. Johnson
Corp. Lawrence R. Moots
Corp. John B. Sheehan
Corp. Samuel C. Stewart

Corp. Howard B. Zeagler
Pfc Marion D. Arnold
Pfc James J. Brennan
Pfc Philip A. Colvert
Pfc Joseph R. Chartrand
Pfc Jeremiah J. Collins
Pfc Robert L. Duncan
Pfc Joe C. Hill
Pfc Raymond M. Morgan
Pfc Edward D. Kinsey
Pfc Charles B. Mazona
Pfc Joseph G. Mazuca
Pfc Epifanio A. Rolando
Pfc Jack E. Smith
Pfc Melvin L. Thompson
Pfc Thomas J. Wagner
Pfc George R. Watson

★ ★ ★ LEGION OF MERIT ★ ★ ★

"In the name of the President of the United States, the Commanding General, 1st Marine Division (Reinf) FMF, takes pleasure in awarding the Legion of Merit to..."

Lieutenant Colonel Robert W. Rickert

★ ★ ★ DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS ★ ★ ★ Gold Star

"For heroism while participating in aerial flights in the Korean Theater..."

Capt. Phillip C. De Long (fifth award)
1stLt. Patrick Dugan (fourth award)
MSgt. Herbert J. Valentine (fourth award)
Major Percy F. Avant (third award)
Capt. Alfred F. McCaleb, Jr. (third award)
Capt. Eddie C. Torbett (third award)

1stLt. Thomas R. Braun (third award)
1stLt. John L. Lepore (third award)
Major Donald S. Bush (second award)
Major Elmer P. Thompson, Jr. (second award)
Capt. Thomas E. Mulvihill (second award)
Capt. Frank H. Presley (second award)

1stLt. William R. Lucas (second award)
1stLt. Eugene Millette (second award)
1stLt. Arthur W. Poehlman (second award)
1stLt. Robert W. Taylor (second award)
MSgt. John J. McMasters (second award)
TSgt. Gail Lane (second award)

★ ★ ★ DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (First Award) ★ ★ ★

Major John A. Reader
Major Michael F. Wojcik
Capt. Joseph B. De Haven
Capt. Kenneth T. Dykes
Capt. Albert A. Grasselli
Capt. Edward E. Hammerbeck
Capt. Andrew L. McVickers
Capt. Lewis L. Miller
Capt. Douglas K. Morton
Capt. William T. O'Neal

Capt. James Payette
Capt. Robert L. Simmons
Capt. David G. Swinford
Capt. Roy L. Thomas
Capt. William R. Van Ness
1stLt. Rocco D. Bianchi
1stLt. Richard S. Duth
1stLt. Lloyd J. Engelhardt
1stLt. Judson Flickinger
1stLt. David P. Graf

1stLt. Herbert E. Mendenhall
1stLt. Frank A. Minfion, Jr.
1stLt. Robert J. O'Shea
1stLt. Lester F. Reid
1stLt. Charles I. Rice, Jr.
1stLt. Thaddeus J. Troups
1stLt. Charles C. Ward
2ndLt. Bert R. Covert, Jr.
2ndLt. Dock H. Pagues
MSgt. Clyde B. Casebeer

MSgt. Billy R. Green
MSgt. Donald A. Ives
MSgt. Norman E. Payne, Jr.
MSgt. Frank W. Scroggs, Jr.
MSgt. Raymon Wright
TSgt. John W. Hutton
TSgt. Edward Mierla
SSgt. Robert E. Block

★ ★ ★ BRONZE STAR MEDAL ★ ★ ★

"... Gold Star in lieu of the Second Bronze Star Medal is awarded to..."

Lieutenant Colonel Merritt Adelman
Major David W. Bridges
Major Philip J. Costello

Major William McReynolds
Major Francis R. Schlosinger
Major Elwyn M. Stinson

Capt. William E. Brandon
Sgt. David R. Adams
Pfc Louis G. Delgado

BRONZE STAR MEDAL (First Award)

Colonel Herman Nickerson, Jr.
Lieutenant Colonel Frederick R. Dowsett
Lieutenant Colonel Joseph L. Stewart
Major John G. Babashanian
Major Frederick Bove
Major Robert M. Calland
Major Raymond V. Fridrich
Major Richard A. Glozier
Major Clarence T. Risher
Major Hewitt A. Snow
Capt. John V. Huff
Capt. Richard H. Kern
Capt. Martin J. Saxton
Capt. Guy M. Washburn
1stLt. Jack R. Cohoon
1stLt. Ernest C. Hargett
1stLt. Arthur E. House, Jr.
1stLt. Leo R. Jillsky
1stLt. George G. McNaughton
1stLt. Paul E. Sanders
1stLt. Alton C. Weed
2ndLt. Wendell C. Beard
2ndLt. John J. H. Cahill
2ndLt. Bruce F. Cunliffe
2ndLt. Hercules R. Kelley
2ndLt. Patrick C. Roe
MSgt. Russell A. Bowers

MSgt. Edwin G. Hutchinson
MSgt. John Minagao
MSgt. Archibald G. Sweet
TSgt. Joseph Ballesteros
TSgt. Roger W. Barnes
TSgt. John B. Jameson
TSgt. Arnold E. Kersey
TSgt. William M. Knight
TSgt. Walter F. La Barriere
TSgt. James B. Luckadoo
TSgt. Mathews V. Poglinski
SSgt. Arthur C. Farrington
SSgt. Diego A. Ferrara
SSgt. Robert I. Gotta
SSgt. Irving L. Kack
SSgt. Robert J. Kohls
SSgt. Joseph D. Loibee
SSgt. Oscar Madden, Jr.
SSgt. Glen D. Payne
Sgt. Leslie W. Bergman
Sgt. Paul E. Breese
Sgt. Gustave H. Brown
Sgt. Warden P. B. Call
Sgt. John B. Currey
Sgt. Andrew F. Dunay
Sgt. John H. Eggers
Sgt. Lloyd Gardner

Sgt. Howard D. Gordon
Sgt. John O. Henry
Sgt. James J. King
Sgt. Frank Laffrado
Sgt. Russell F. Lehman, Jr.
Sgt. John E. Maitland
Sgt. Kenneth A. McVay
Sgt. Donald E. Monnot
Sgt. Earl F. Nevin
Sgt. Peter F. Pruzynski
Sgt. Paul E. Robinson
Sgt. Everett E. Rone
Sgt. Joseph A. Sutherland
Sgt. Carol R. Waite
Sgt. William E. Waltrip
Sgt. Laurence E. Wimpee, Jr.
Corp. James E. Adams, Jr.
Corp. Henry H. Black
Corp. Frank R. Bromley
Corp. Eugene M. Couture
Corp. Mario Di Fabrizio
Corp. Frederick J. Dunbury
Corp. Robert A. Holden
Corp. Joseph J. Kulakowski
Corp. John J. Lemieux
Corp. Donald M. Marren
Corp. James F. Molloy, Jr.

Corp. Walter F. O'Day
Corp. James C. Teague
Pfc Frank J. Chrystal
Pfc Clarence E. Duerr, Jr.
Pfc Byron V. Halvorson
Pfc William A. Heide, Jr.
Pfc Sesario Jimenez
Pfc Clifford H. Kilgore
Pfc Edwin L. Knight
Pfc Charles W. Laird
Pfc Harry L. McMenemy
Pfc James A. Miller
Pfc Wilson C. Nimmo
Pfc Billy W. Reed
Pfc Frank J. Rinaldi
Pfc Robert M. Ryan
Pfc Kermit C. Sauer
Pfc John D. Sierman
Pfc Curtis D. Smith
Pfc James F. Smith, Jr.
Pfc Norman S. Stewart
Pfc Vernon Tsoodle
Pfc Roy L. West
Pfc Robert W. Woessner
Pvt Robert G. Melloy

★ ★ ★ AIR MEDAL ★ ★ ★

"... Gold Star in lieu of ... for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flights ..."

2ndLt. Billy C. Marks (15th award)
Capt. Jesse V. Booker (14th award)
Capt. Philip C. De Long (13th award)
Capt. Karl T. Koller (13th award)
MSgt. Herbert J. Valentine (13th award)
Capt. Byron M. Beswick (12th award)
Major Samuel Richards, Jr. (11th award)
Capt. Robert W. Wilson (11th award)
Major Percy F. Avant (10th award)
Capt. Frank C. Long (10th award)
1stLt. Thomas R. Braun (10th award)
1stLt. Donald H. Edwards (10th award)
1stLt. William R. Lucas (10th award)
1stLt. Robert W. Taylor (10th award)
Lieutenant Colonel Max J. Vofcensek, Jr. (9th award)
Major Samuel B. Folsom, Jr. (9th award)
Capt. Ernest A. Buford, Jr. (9th award)
Capt. Robert J. Lynch (9th award)
Capt. George E. McClane (9th award)
Capt. Gene W. Morrison (9th award)
1stLt. John L. Lepire (9th award)
Major Archie D. Simpson (8th award)
Capt. Richard W. Johnson (8th award)
1stLt. Clair F. Seifert (8th award)
2ndLt. Aquille M. Blydes (8th award)
TSgt. Jack A. Larson (8th award)
Lieutenant Colonel David C. Wolfe (7th award)
Major William D. Armstrong (7th award)
Major Donald S. Bush (7th award)
Capt. Joel E. Bonner, Jr. (7th award)
Capt. Gerard Dethier (7th award)
Capt. Edward F. Ganschaw (7th award)
Capt. Robert J. Graham (7th award)
Capt. John McCabe (7th award)
Capt. Robert E. McClean (7th award)
1stLt. Harold H. Heath (7th award)
1stLt. Harold R. Knowles (7th award)
1stLt. Eugene Millette (7th award)
1stLt. Thomas E. Mulvihill (7th award)
1stLt. Arthur W. Pochman (7th award)
1stLt. Eldon C. Stanton (7th award)
1stLt. Fay E. Whitton (7th award)
1stLt. William B. Woodroff (7th award)
MSgt. John J. McMasters (7th award)
MSgt. Donald E. Rupe (7th award)
Major Vincent J. Gottschalk (6th award)

Major Claude H. Welch (6th award)
Capt. Edward E. Hammerbeck (6th award)
Capt. Roy J. Irwin (6th award)
Capt. Alfred F. McCaleb (6th award)
Capt. Gene W. Morrison (6th award)
Capt. Roy L. Thomas (6th award)
Capt. Ralph P. Ward, Jr. (6th award)
1stLt. John Browne (6th award)
1stLt. Donald B. Houge (6th award)
1stLt. Elwin M. Jones (6th award)
1stLt. Hiel L. Van Campen (6th award)
MSgt. Gordon R. McFeely (6th award)
MSgt. James W. Snyder (6th award)
Lieutenant Colonel Paul J. Fontana (5th award)
Major Michael F. Wojcik (5th award)
Capt. Robert Baird (5th award)
Capt. Malcolm G. Moncrief, Jr. (5th award)
Capt. Robert D. Morris (5th award)
Capt. Robert L. Simmons (5th award)
1stLt. Harry W. Colmery (5th award)
1stLt. Frederick A. Murchall (5th award)
1stLt. Arthur Wagner (5th award)
TSgt. Lloyd B. Britt (5th award)
TSgt. Edwin L. Fryer (5th award)
TSgt. Gail Lane (5th award)
Capt. Kenneth G. Fiegner (4th award)
Capt. Dillwyn Davis (4th award)
Capt. Douglas K. Morton (4th award)
Capt. William F. O'Neal (4th award)
Capt. Bartram L. Perkins (4th award)
Capt. Frank K. Reilly, Jr. (4th award)
Capt. Wilbur D. Wilcox (4th award)
1stLt. Rocco D. Bianchi (4th award)
1stLt. Forrest E. Caudle (4th award)
1stLt. Harold D. Daigh (4th award)
1stLt. Lawrence E. Haynes (4th award)
1stLt. Walter E. Sparling (4th award)
2ndLt. Doyle H. Cole (4th award)
2ndLt. Patrick J. O'Neill (4th award)
MSgt. Clyde B. Casebeer (4th award)
MSgt. Raymon Wright (4th award)
Capt. James P. Bell, Jr. (3rd award)
Capt. Earle P. Carey (3rd award)
Capt. Norman D. Glenn (3rd award)
Capt. George A. Krumm (3rd award)
Capt. Mercer R. Smith (3rd award)
1stLt. Jack H. Adam (3rd award)

1stLt. Hoyt Johnston (3rd award)
1stLt. Robert J. O'Shea (3rd award)
1stLt. Lester F. Ried (3rd award)
1stLt. Thaddeus J. Toups (3rd award)
2ndLt. Harry S. Wilson (3rd award)
2ndLt. Bert R. Covert, Jr. (3rd award)
WO Robert E. Six (3rd award)
MSgt. John B. Holloway (3rd award)
MSgt. Donald A. Ives (3rd award)
MSgt. James A. Vais (3rd award)
MSgt. Edwin L. Wampler (3rd award)
TSgt. Arthur R. Graham (3rd award)
TSgt. Elmer D. Stright (3rd award)
TSgt. Donald M. Wallace (3rd award)
SSgt. Weldon E. Hardin (3rd award)
Sgt. Robert M. Todd, Jr. (3rd award)
Lieutenant Colonel Richard W. Wyczowski (2nd award)
Capt. Eugene N. Bennett (2nd award)
Capt. Clifford P. Blankenship (2nd award)
Capt. Charles E. Baswell, Jr. (2nd award)
Capt. Joseph B. De Haven (2nd award)
Capt. Kenneth T. Dykes (2nd award)
Capt. John T. Evans (2nd award)
Capt. Ross H. Hughes (2nd award)
Capt. Manning T. Jannell (2nd award)
Capt. Lewis L. Miller (2nd award)
Capt. Edward C. Osborn (2nd award)
Capt. Russell G. Patterson (2nd award)
Capt. Frank H. Presley (2nd award)
1stLt. George M. Cullins (2nd award)
1stLt. David P. Graf (2nd award)
1stLt. Charles I. Rice, Jr. (2nd award)
1stLt. Samuel S. Smith (2nd award)
1stLt. Robert F. Welch (2nd award)
1stLt. James H. White (2nd award)
MSgt. John Cosmos (2nd award)
MSgt. Wayne H. Kerr (2nd award)
MSgt. Donald E. Wambold (2nd award)
MSgt. Malcolm K. West (2nd award)
TSgt. George W. Glauser (2nd award)
TSgt. Earl B. Rogers (2nd award)
Sgt. John H. Lerch (2nd award)
Sgt. Kermit Moffitt (2nd award)
Corp. Francis L. Ross (2nd award)

★ ★ ★ AIR MEDAL ★ ★ ★ (First Award)

Capt. Norman D. Glenn
1stLt. Alan G. Bateson
1stLt. Jesse M. Browne, Jr.
1stLt. David W. Graybeal

1stLt. Manning T. Jeter, Jr.
1stLt. Hoyt Johnston
1stLt. Robert C. McGuire
1stLt. Lester F. Reid

1stLt. Samuel S. Smith
2ndLt. Burton Courchesne
2ndLt. William G. Siegfried
MSgt. Raymon Wright

TSgt. Walter E. Lander, Sr.
TSgt. Robert V. Yeager
Sgt. Harold W. Cleveland
Sgt. Richard J. Moore

★ ★ ★ LETTERS OF COMMENDATION ★ ★ ★

Lieutenant Colonel James L. Neefus
Capt. Donald Truman Daxey

Capt. William P. Elzey, Jr.
Capt. Wallace H. Hallmeyer

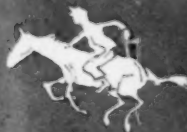
2ndLt. Arthur C. Schneider
SSgt. Noel C. Robinson



O'Neill was unbuttoning his blouse: "Knuckles, I'm closing this joint," he said

O'Neill's last ride

by Brophy O'Donnell



PEOPLE in barrooms were already talking about the next war when O'Neill came home from the last one after eight years in the Marines, and reclaimed his old job on the police force.

"O'Neill," said the captain, "starting at midnight tonight you're walking a beat in the Tenth Ward."

"Yes, sir," said O'Neill.

That night about 12:30, O'Neill walked along Warren Lane twirling the long familiar night stick.

Warren Lane is out near the city line on the north side. It consists of eight city blocks of small brick cottages, and then peters out into a dirt road running half a mile across some undeveloped land to a riding stable.

About a year ago Knuckles Rafferty had entered a crap game with a ten-dollar bill, and ended up winning 4000 dollars and this riding stable from the owner who was drunk at the time. The owner was a middle-aged man with a variety of ailments that incapacitated him for regular work. Since he had depended on the stable to support his wife and two children, he was visibly

depressed by his loss. In fact he even mentioned going to court about it. That was the day before he suddenly left town. Afterwards there was some talk that Knuckles had used crooked dice, but no one took much stock in it.

Knuckles built a concrete block addition to the structure, installed a bar, a dozen booths with tables, a juke box, and hung out a red neon sign, reading: "Rafferty's Stables."

It soon became a drill hall for the adolescent generation of the north side. It had certain advantages. The bartender didn't raise stuffy questions as to whether the customer was 21. And the vacant land surrounding it was ideal for carrying on a quiet conversation in a parked car.

For awhile the residents of Warren Lane had taken a narrow view of the late night noises when the revelers' automobiles passed their homes. But Knuckles was "in" with City Hall and the police had listened to these complaints in the spirit of kindly jest in which it was assumed they were voiced.

Now at 12:30 this night, O'Neill walked to the end of the paved portion

of Warren Lane and went on down the dirt road toward the red neon sign that flamed vividly ahead. He stood for a bit outside Rafferty's door and listened to the noise from within. He gazed thoughtfully at the facade of the place. There was a large opaque black plate glass window on which had been neatly lettered in gold:

**RAFFERTY'S STABLES
OPENED BY A VETERAN**

After awhile the door was flung open, and a boy and girl came out and teetered unsteadily on the step. Their cheeks had a healthy color from the red glow off the neon sign overhead. O'Neill watched them lurch up the dirt road. Then he went inside.

There were 30 couples, more or less, in the booths, plus a dozen or so people at the bar. Knuckles was tending bar. At the moment he held a dirty rag in one hand and a chewed cigar butt in the other while he shouted an inelegant witticism at the waitress, who promptly made an equally inelegant rejoinder.

O'Neill went to the end of the bar

and leaned his elbows on it. Knuckles saw him, and wiped his hands on his apron and went over to him.

"Hello, O'Neill," Knuckles said.

"Hello, Knuckles."

"Ya got deported out here to the sticks, did ya?"

O'Neill shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, Knuckles, you know how it is," O'Neill said slowly. "It's only until I get re-adjusted." He winked an eye at Rafferty.

Rafferty showed his big gums in a little laugh. "Sure, I know. I'm a vet, ain't I?"

"How'd they ever get you in the service, Knuckles?"

"Ah, I enlisted."

"How come?"

"I figured it might come in handy to be a vet. Besides the war was over." He looked coldly at O'Neill. "Got out

went outside and wrote a few words with soap on the black plate glass window.

He went back into the bar.

"Hey, Knuckles," he yelled. "Who's that girl out there with no clothes on?"

He stepped politely aside as the customers rushed through the door. Then he pressed the latch so that the door would lock, and closed it.

"What in hell's going on?" Knuckles cried, coming around the end of the bar. O'Neill was unbuttoning his uniform blouse.

"Knuckles, I'm closing this joint," he said.

Knuckles ran for the phone at the back of the room. O'Neill tackled him neatly about the legs. They both crashed to the floor. Knuckles got up swinging. O'Neill stepped inside his punches and belted him repeatedly in

hooves pounding frantically on the dirt road that led to Warren Lane. That was when O'Neill drew his pistol and fired the entire magazine into the air.

The racket awakened the residents of Warren Lane. Forty householders called the police. A squad car arrived about an hour later. O'Neill was gone. The next day the horse was found grazing in a vacant lot just over the city line. But O'Neill had disappeared for good.

The story made headlines in the local sheet, and the press services picked it up as an oddity and put it on the wires. It got a squib in the Honolulu papers, and shortly thereafter the Shore Patrol turned up at police headquarters looking for O'Neill.

It seems that O'Neill had escaped about two months earlier from the neuro-psychiatric ward of the Navy



Forty householders called the police. A squad car sired up to the curb an hour later. O'Neill was gone

in four months. Hurt my back. They're paying me disability."

O'Neill shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you've got a nice easy job here, anyhow," he said.

"It's hard work."

"Only one thing bothers me. Your customers don't look old enough to be drinking."

Rafferty scowled.

"Listen, O'Neill. I tend to my business. You tend to yours. Me and City Hall is just like that." He held up two fingers.

"That's an original way of putting it," O'Neill said.

"Yeah? You remember it. Just keep your nose clean out here."

Then abruptly Knuckles placed a bottle and shot glass before O'Neill.

"Here, have a drink. You need relaxing."

O'Neill poured a shot and gulped it down. He smacked his lips. Rafferty grinned slyly.

"You catch on quick."

"Hey, Knuckles. Service!" somebody yelled.

O'Neill went to the wash room and put the cake of soap in his pocket. He

the face, driving him to the wall. There he kept banging away, with Knuckles' head thudding against the wall. Finally he picked Knuckles up from the floor, hoisted him over one shoulder, carried him to the door and opened it.

The patrons were milling about the entrance.

"Make way," shouted O'Neill. "Man fainted. Is there a doctor in the house?"

Then he dropped the shoulder that was supporting Knuckles and spilled him into the crowd, and slammed the door in their faces. In the next 15 minutes he did a moderately fair job of wrecking the place. He smashed the mirror behind the bar, bottles, glasses, lighting fixtures, juke box, and the television set. Finally he took the limburger cheese from the refrigerator and rubbed it over the imitation leather seats of the booths.

He left by the back door and led a horse from the stables. He mounted it bareback and galloped around to the front of the building where the patrons were gathered in confusion about the unconscious Knuckles.

O'Neill emitted a few war whoops and the horse broke into a run, his

hospital at Pearl. Nobody has been able to figure out how he did it, but he got back to this country while the Marines and the Navy were combing Hawaii for him. Apparently he forged discharged papers to show when he applied for his old job on the force.

One of the SPs who called at police headquarters told the Commissioner that O'Neill started to crack when the Marines went back to wearing those blue pants with the red stripe.

They put him away on the day he said to the CO:

"Colonel!"

"Yes, Sergeant?" said the colonel.

"Square that cap or I'll put you on report."

Rafferty's Stables hasn't been reopened. It's padlocked. The inside is still the shambles that O'Neill made of it. And on the outside nobody has bothered to wash off the legend that O'Neill soaped on the black plate glass window.

Under the neat gold lettering:

**RAFFERTY'S STABLES
OPENED BY A VETERAN**

he wrote with soap:

CLOSED BY ANOTHER

END

CASUALTIES

Marine Corps casualties, wounded, missing and dead, released by Marine Corps Headquarters from March 13, 1951 to April 14, 1951

DEAD

ARIZONA

VILLA, John R., Pfc, Glendale

CALIFORNIA

DONNELL, Donald W., Pfc, Oakland
GIER, Scott G., Major, Corona Del Mar
RILEY, Reginald A., Corp., Oakland
TOWN, Edwin J., Corp., Lynwood
(Died of wounds)
WARREN, Paul E., Pvt., Oakland
YONE, George J., Pfc, San Bernardino

COLORADO

McGOWAN, Robert F., Sgt., Pueblo
(Died of wounds)

CONNECTICUT

GERGELY, John G., Pfc, Bridgeport

ILLINOIS

GRUBISICH, Michael C., Corp., Peoria
STURM, William, Pfc, Chicago
(Died of wounds)

LOUISIANA

FINLEY, Douglas S., Jr., Corp., West Monroe
HAGENEY, Joseph H., Sgt., New Orleans

MICHIGAN

WEST, Roy L., Corp., Danville

MINNESOTA

MELVOLD, Charles W., Pfc, Henning

MISSOURI

BERNAL, Leon J., Capt., Glendale

MONTANA

RAE, George W., Pfc, Roundup

NEBRASKA

DUTCHER, Lee E., Pfc, Hastings

NEW JERSEY

MacMILLAN, Alexander, Corp., Orange

NEW YORK

McKENNA, Hugh P., Pfc, College Point

NORTH CAROLINA

HAYES, Robert D., Capt., Morehead City
TAYLOR, Lester R., Jr., Pfc, Kinston

OKLAHOMA

COWART, Corey S., Jr., 2dLt., Tulsa
(Died of wounds)
ROGERS, Paul M., Corp., Ada
(Died of wounds)

PENNSYLVANIA

REDMERSKI, Adam J., Sgt., Luzerne
YESENKO, Thomas, Sgt., South Fork

TEXAS

BENAVIDES, Paul, Pfc, Dallas
GUTIERREZ, Adolfo M., Pfc, Corpus Christi
(Died of wounds)

VIRGINIA

LAWRENCE, Alfred E., Jr., Pfc, Norfolk
SEWARD, Stanley J., 2dLt., Arlington

OUTSIDE U. S.

JONES, Waldo B., Pfc, Far East Command

MISSING IN ACTION

NORTH CAROLINA

SIKES, Jackie P., Pfc, High Point

OHIO

TREADWAY, Joseph E., Pfc, Columbus

WOUNDED

ALABAMA

BEASLEY, Richard E., Pfc, Alabama City
BROWN, Lonnie R., Pfc, Talladega
KELSOE, William T., Pfc, Falkville

ARIZONA

BERESFORD, Donald L., Pfc, Santa Ysabel
FRANCIS, Ernest, Pfc, Oakland
HANEY, John E., Pfc, Yuma
ROMERO, Miguel R., Pfc, Tucson

CALIFORNIA

BARKER, Milton R., Pfc, San Leandro
BOLLMANN, Howard W., Maj., Santa Ana
BYE, John D., Corp., Paradise
CLEMENTS, Theodore F., Pfc, San Francisco
COLSEN, James A., Pfc, Long Beach
CONKLIN, Jack B., Pfc, Pleasanttown
CRAWFORD, Kenneth H., Corp., Los Angeles
CURTIS, Robert L., Pfc, Torrance
DuFRAIN, Theodore B., Corp., Sacramento
DUFFY, Leroy M., 1stLt., Orange Grove
DUGAN, Warren R., Corp., Los Angeles
DUKE, Bob E., Pfc, Long Beach
FABRY, John W., Dyke, Corp., San Francisco
FEDDE, Pat W., Pfc, Manhattan Beach
FISHER, Lawrence, Corp., National City
FLORES, Flavio, Corp., Oceanside
FOSTER, Joel L., Pfc, San Francisco
FOSTER, Robert C., Pfc, Oakland
FUCHS, Hollis A., Pfc, Long Beach
GONZALEZ, Alexander P., Pfc, San Francisco
GREEN, Tracy D., Pfc, Los Angeles
GROENDYKE, Robert K., Corp., Compton
GRUYER, Kenneth N., Corp., Oakland
HAYDEN, James A., Pfc, Alameda
HENWOOD, Byron D., Sgt., San Francisco
HOULIHAN, Thomas J., Sgt., Temple City
JONES, Stanley W., Sgt., Nevada City
KETCHUM, George, Jr., Corp., Los Angeles
KOLMSEE, George, Corp., San Diego
LANCASTER, Robert H., Corp., North Hollywood

LANE, Charles W., Pfc, Lomita
LOFTIS, Joe M., Sgt., Long Beach
LOPEZ, Rudy P., Pfc, Fresno
MARLOWE, William H., 2dLt., Oceanside
McDANIEL, Kenneth R., Pfc, Tulare
McMENEMY, John P., Sgt., Garvey
McMURRAY, Donald D., Pfc, Santa Rosa
MENDOZA, Louis, Sgt., San Francisco
MILLER, Clarence G., Corp., San Francisco
MOORES, Charles E., Pfc, Los Angeles
MOSES, Bobby R., Pfc, Wasco
NISSEN, Donald R., Pfc, Hollywood
OWENS, George V., Sgt., Riverside
PHILLIPS, Billy J., Corp., Palo Alto
ROBINSON, James S., Sgt., Oakland
SANCHEZ, Armando, F. M., Pfc, Pacoima
SANCHEZ, Roberto R., Corp., Los Angeles
SANDOVAL, Santiago K., Pfc, Huntington Park
SHELTON, Harold G., Sgt., Fresno
STOCKS, Marion H., MSgt, Oceanside
STURIA, Joseph E., Corp., San Francisco
TAYLOR, Birchard A., Pfc, Oakland
TERRY, Raymond C., Pfc, Los Angeles
UMBRELO, Philip A., Pfc, Garvey
UPTON, Stanley E., Pfc, Riverside
VALKENBURG, Ronald P., Pfc, Los Angeles
WALKER, Sidney F., Corp., Sacramento
WAITS, Burl W., Corp., Greenville
WILLIAMS, Norman, O. W., SSgt., San Leandro

ZIEGLER, Harry J., Pvt., Oakland

CONNECTICUT

HOYLE, Frederick W., Pfc, Uncasville

FLORIDA

DAVIS, Edwin D., Pfc, Alachua
GREGLEY, Robert G., Corp., Madeira
REYNOLDS, Ellis W., Pfc, Winter Park

GEORGIA

EDWARDS, Drury M., Pfc, Crawfordsville
GANDY, Marvin R., Pfc, Savannah
GASKINS, Herbert J., Pfc, Kirkland
GATTIS, Robert A., Corp., East Point
GILBERT, Aubrey W., Pfc, Carrollton
HARMON, Lester G., Capt., Bainbridge
JAGGEARS, Floyd R., 1stLt., Milledgeville
JOHNSON, Calvin E., Pfc, Savannah
JOHNSON, Melvin C., Corp., Rossville
KAIN, Meridith A., Pfc, Augusta
SMITH, Clarence J., Pfc, Macon
WALL, William R., Pfc, Winder

IDAH

HENDERSON, Danny F., Pfc, Coeur D'Alene

ILLINOIS

BUCKLEY, James H., Corp., Aurora
HUNT, Richard L., Pfc, East Peoria
JOHNSON, Marlin S., Corp., Morris
JOHNSON, Norman A., Pfc, Chicago
KERN, Thomas L., Pfc, Chicago
MATHIEU, Charles F., Corp., Geneva
MARAFCHIK, Barnett B., Pfc, Chicago
McNEIL, Don A., Corp., Chicago
MINCH, Donald L., Pfc, Washington
MORRELL, Bradford L., Sgt., Camden
MORIARTY, Raymond E., Pfc, Belleville
MURRAY, James R., Pfc, Lansing
O'BRIEN, William E., Pfc, Chicago
PIERRITZ, Earl W., Corp., Villa Park
POSKA, Joey V., Pfc, Chicago
RHODE, Raymond J., Corp., Chicago
ROTTSOLK, Lester H., Pfc, Aurora
SPEECHLEY, Ronald F., Pfc, Cicero
TOREN, James H., Pfc, Chicago

INDIANA

BENDER, Stanley O., Corp., Elkhart
GLASCOCK, Carl R., Pfc, Greenfield
GREEN, Melvin R., 1stLt., Muncie
CROM, John W., Pfc, Indianapolis
FINCH, Thomas L., Jr., Sgt., Indianapolis
HARDESTY, William H., Pfc, Evansville
HARDIN, Samuel L., Pfc, Salem
HAUER, Thomas W., Pfc, Brazil
HENDRICKS, Joseph K., Sgt., Mitchell
HORTON, Leon E., Pfc, Indianapolis
MORGAN, Thomas L., Pfc, Miller
NORTHROP, John J., Pfc, Indianapolis
PENCE, Earl W., MSgt., Milan
SCHROEDER, Frederick W., Corp., Hammond
SEWARD, Billy F., Corp., Indianapolis
SHELTON, Robert E., Corp., Crawfordsville
SUNN, Ray E., Pfc, Evansville
WINKLEY, Lyman, Corp., Danville

KANSAS

MOSER, Forrest E., MSgt., Hollenburg
MULLINIX, Philip W., Corp., Leavenworth
NICKLE, Herbert L., Pfc, Stanley
SKINNER, Marion S., Corp., Fort Scott
SMOCK, Joseph M., Corp., Kansas City
TRACY, Loren E., Pfc, Wichita

KENTUCKY

HOLBROOK, Ellis, Pfc, Wheelwright
LEWIS, Elmo B., Pfc, Pineville
PHILLIPS, John D., Corp., Murray
SMITH, Raymond E., Corp., Louisville
THOMAS, Albert, Sgt., Beattyville
VANDERPOOL, Bobby, Pfc, Leburn
WESLEY, Albert K., Pfc, Ansel
WILLIAMSON, Ohio, Pfc, Canbda
WILSON, Edward E., Pfc, Alva
WRIGHT, Robert C., Corp., Louisville

LOUISIANA

BICKHAM, Keith D., Jr., Pfc, Baton Rouge
COLEMAN, William E., Pfc, Baton Rouge
McCLURE, Kenneth H., Pfc, Shreveport
RIDER, Joseph, Pfc, Geismar
RUSSELL, Sidney O., Corp., Fisher
STOKER, Harvey A., Jr., Pfc, Mansfield
STONE, Frank L., Pfc, New Orleans
VENABLE, Emory J., Pfc, Crowley
VICARI, Charles J., Pfc, New Orleans

MAINE
 CLUKEY, Richard P., Pfc, Dexter
 RANCOUR, Edward, Pfc, Portland

MARYLAND
 CANTERBURY, Franklin M., Corp., Baltimore
 MAINI, Henry J., Pfc, Silver Spring
 MARJENHOFF, Bernard W., Corp., Baltimore
 RUBIN, William, Pfc, Baltimore
 SULLIVAN, Michael J., Pfc, Hyattsville
 SMITH, Harry E., Pfc, Galts

MASSACHUSETTS
 DEDRICK, Jonathan F., Sgt., Swampscott
 DION, Robert R., Pfc, Revere
 LADEAU, George A., Corp., Williamsett
 LIVINGSTONE, James R., Pfc, Arlington
 RANDAZZO, Carmelo J., TSgt., Lawrence
 REILLY, Edward S., MSgt., Salem
 MUCHA, George F., Pfc, Barre
 SORDELLO, Vincent A., Pfc, Everett
 WALLER, Littleton W. T., II, 2dLt., Manchester
 WINGSTED, Robert L., Corp., Dorchester

MICHIGAN
 BEDGOOD, Robert F., Sgt., Muskegon
 BETZ, Thomas R., Pfc, Owosso
 FISHER, Franklin W., Pfc, Owosso
 MONTGOMERY, Ernest E., Corp., Detroit
 SIMPSON, Charles H., Pfc, Niles
 WILLIAMS, Hubert, Pfc, Grand Rapids

MINNESOTA
 CONKLIN, Robert C., 1stLt., Fairmont
 O'BRIEN, Richard W., Pfc, Minneapolis
 OLY, Richard E., Sgt., Minneapolis
 PEDERSEN, Kent Z., Corp., St. Paul
 REINKE, Dean M., Corp., Duluth
 ROUBAL, Richard E., Pfc, St. Paul
 SANTA, Stanley E., Pfc, Floodwood
 SULLIVAN, John D., Pfc, Minneapolis
 WILKEN, Elwyn E., Pfc, Minneapolis

MISSOURI
 DRAGO, Albert, Corp., St. Louis
 MACIOCIA, Thomas J., Pfc, St. Louis
 MADDEN, Thomas E., Pfc, Overland
 SCHULZE, Hans G., Corp., Lockwood
 VALENCIANO, John, Pfc, Kansas City
 WHITNEY, Charles G., Pfc, St. Louis

NEBRASKA
 GREGORY, Bobby G., Corp., Lincoln
 MOORE, Patrick H., Jr., Pfc, Omaha
 RALSTEN, Russell D., Pfc, Omaha

NEW JERSEY
 JACKMAN, Forrest E., Jr., Pfc, Trenton
 JEWELL, Gerard H., Corp., Belleville
 KOMONIESKI, Stanley W., Pfc, Newark
 MUELLER, Charles E., Corp., Lyndhurst
 MURPHY, Gerard J., Pfc, Jersey City
 NICHOLS, John H., 2dLt., Verona
 NIXON, George F., Pfc, Jersey City
 PASTORE, William N., Pfc, Elizabeth
 SCHAFFHOUSER, William J., Corp., Franklin
 SMITH, Walter D., Pfc, Phillipsburg
 SPANGENBERG, Lou M., Pfc, Jersey City
 STANG, Lawrence M., Pfc, Morristown
 WITTMAN, Richard S., Pfc, Little Falls

NEW YORK
 BUCKLEN, Charles L., Pfc, Newburgh
 BURGESS, Richard J., Pfc, Syracuse
 CLARKE, Thomas J., Jr., Corp., Brooklyn
 CONKLIN, Garwood G., Corp., Wappingers
 Falls
 DEMARY, Gerald E., Corp., Plattsburgh
 DOHERTY, James L., 2dLt., New Rochelle
 DROZDYK, Edward M., Pfc, Flushing
 ELSASSER, George J., Pfc, Brooklyn
 EMMHOFF, Carson A., Pfc, New Berlin
 FIEBIGER, James A., Pfc, Canastota
 GANNON, Edward A., Corp., Nicksville
 GUILFOYLE, John P., Jr., Pfc, Syracuse
 GUILFOYLE, Richard T., Pfc, Syracuse
 GUNKEL, Donald C., Pfc, Rochester
 HALE, Richard, Pfc, Long Island
 HAYDEN, James S., Pfc, New York
 HEASLIP, William G., Pfc, Brooklyn
 HERALDO, Arthur H., Pfc, Corona

HOAG, Richard D., Pfc, Mumford
 HORN, Irving C., Pfc, Schenectady
 IPPOLITO, Dominick R., Pfc, Cohoes
 KOBLECH, Frederick G., Pfc, Lancaster
 KORCZYKOWSKI, Joseph F., Pfc,
 North Tonawanda
 KREMER, Frederick H., Pfc, Queens Village
 LITTLE, Norman E., Pfc, Avon
 LITTLES, Willie, Corp., New York
 MARINO, William J., Corp., New York
 MARTIN, John W., Pfc, Syracuse
 MATTESON, Byron, Pfc, Lancaster
 McENERNEY, William E., Corp., Brooklyn
 McMENEMY, John P., Sgt., Rochester
 McSHERRY, Luke M., Sgt., East Hempstead
 O'CONNOR, Maurice M., Jr., Pfc, Bronx
 OLSEN, Robert, Pfc, Brooklyn
 QUINLAN, Edward J., Jr., 2dLt., Great Neck
 REAP, Joseph P., Pfc, Solvay
 ROACH, James J., Corp., Portchester
 SHELTON, Donald T., Pfc, Brooklyn
 TERLIZZA, Patsy A., Pfc, Bronx
 WALTERS, Conrad, Corp., Brooklyn
 WARDLE, George, Corp., Elbridge
 WOLFORD, Kirk S., Pfc, Weedsport

NEW HAMPSHIRE
 LARIVIERE, Joseph N., Sgt., Claremont

NORTH CAROLINA
 LOFLAND, Charles M., Pfc, Conover

OHIO
 BENNER, Merle H., Pfc, Cleveland
 CAREY, Richard E., 2dLt., Columbus
 CLEAVER, Joseph G., III, Pfc, Columbus
 CONTRASCIER, Carl C., Pfc, Akron
 DUNN, Edwin D., Jr., Pfc, Cleveland
 EBY, Ralph M., Pfc, Dayton
 EVANS, Richard A., Pfc, Dayton
 GREEN, William T., Jr., Pfc, Lancaster
 GROSSMAN, Norman W., Pfc, Cleveland
 HANNAN, Donald L., Pfc, Toledo
 HLAVATY, Richard J., Pfc, Cleveland
 LASCKO, George S., Pfc, Cleveland
 LHOA, Laird A., Corp., Cleveland
 LOCKWOOD, Kenneth R., Pfc, Cleveland
 MORTIMER, William K., Pfc, Dayton
 MULLEN, Edward, Sgt., Lisbon
 O'KEEFE, Robert E., Pfc, Toledo
 PENKO, Jacob, Jr., Pfc, Barberton
 PENN, Homer R., Pfc, Cincinnati
 FLOEGER Roy H., Jr., Corp., Toledo
 REPASS, Rodney E., Sgt., Toledo
 SEAYER, Donald L., Sgt., Springfield
 SEBETTO, Raymond A., Pfc, Toledo
 SEIDLER, William A., Pfc, Columbus
 SHERON, John H., Corp., Columbus
 SHIELDS, Elvin B., Sgt., Girard
 SHOENBERGER, Edward V., III, Corp.,
 Cincinnati
 SLATTERY, John J., Corp., Cleveland
 SUA, George B., Jr., Pfc, Cleveland
 VADJINA, John J., Corp., Youngstown
 VERMILY, Herbert A., Pfc, Cleveland
 VNENCAK, Paul A., 1stLt., Grove Port
 WHITFIELD, Kenneth E., Pfc, Dayton
 WHITE, James R., Pfc, Hillsboro

OKLAHOMA
 BEARDEN, Isaac B., Pfc, Barnsdell
 GOODALL, Paul H., Pfc, Hickory
 GUTZLER, Jesse W., Corp., Oregon City
 HACKETT, Harold O., Pfc, Springfield
 HAMMER, Frank W., TSgt., Portland
 HARTMAN, Raymond G., Pfc, Tulsa
 KEINATH, Charles W., Corp., Portland
 LANDERS, Homer J., Pfc, Portland
 POLLACK, John H., Jr., Pfc, Tulsa
 PRIVETT, James K., Pfc, Sayer

OREGON
 AUBIN, Kenneth A., Pfc, Portland
 BACKMAN, David L., Pfc, Portland
 GUTCHES, Warren L., Pfc, Central Point
 HAMMER, Frank W., TSgt., Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
 BARNAK, Frank, Sgt., Allentown
 BROUGHT, Wallace C., Jr., Sgt., Elizabethtown
 CRAMER, Walter W., Pfc, Easton
 FAYAK, Bernard A., Corp., Sterford
 FERRON, Fillmore F., Pfc, Wiconisco
 FISHER, Thomas E., Pfc, Bristol
 FLYNN, John J., Corp., Philadelphia
 GENZEL, Donald K., Corp., Danville

GOCHNAUR, Clair E., Pfc, Altoona
 HARNETT, William J., Pfc, Pittsburgh
 HIMES, Paul K., Jr., Pfc, Harrisburg
 HOFSTETTER, Lloyd E., Corp., Pittsburgh
 KASTERKO, Walter F., Pfc, Johnstown
 KING, Thomas C., Corp., Harrisburg
 MILLER, Daniel H., Corp., Reading
 MINNICK, Harvey E., Corp., Towanda
 MIRAKOITS, Alfred L., Corp., Northampton
 TWEED, William M., Pfc, Philadelphia
 WALSH, Edward L., Jr., Pfc, Kingston
 MOLONGOWSKI, Leon H., Sgt., Pittsburgh
 MYERS, Donald L., Pfc, Ligonier
 PHILLIPS, Thomas D., Pfc, Morrisville
 SANTORE, Leo S., Corp., Philadelphia
 SOUDERS, Richard H., Pfc, Bethlehem

SOUTH CAROLINA
 HAMMONDS, Ernest H., Corp., Hodges
 LACEY, Andrew W., Pfc, North Augusta

TENNESSEE
 INGRAM, Jessie J., Sgt., Cleveland
 MCGEE, Joel A., Pfc, Nashville
 MEERS, Tommie C., Corp., Chattanooga
 SZABO, Joseph C., Corp., Knoxville
 WOOLVERTON, Arthur G., Pfc, Nashville

TEXAS
 BURWELL, Jimmy E., Pfc, Houston
 CARO, Hudson, Jr., Corp., Victoria
 DAVIDSON, Alexis J., Pfc, Alta Loma
 DIXON, Robert W., Pfc, Dallas
 ELWELL, Newman C., Pfc, Houston
 ESPARZA, Guadalupe J., Pfc, McAllen
 FARR, Bruce J., Pfc, Harrison
 FRANCIS, Vernon R., Pfc, Houston
 GOODALL, Joe A., Pfc, Waco
 GUAJARDO, Andres M., Corp., Rio Hondo
 GUTIERREZ, Adolfo M., Pfc, Corpus Christi
 JAYE, William K., Pfc, Austin
 JOHNSTON, George W., Jr., Pfc, Corsicana
 HAYES, Frederick C., Corp., Pleasanton
 HINDS, Calvin E., Pfc, Tyler
 LEYVA, Frank E., Pfc, San Antonio
 LINDSEY, Ashwell F., Pfc, Selman City
 LONGORIA, David H., Pfc, Pharr
 LONGORIA, Ruben, Pfc, Beeville
 LYONS, James L., Pfc, Bowie
 MILLER, John H., 2dLt., Waco
 MOORE, Vernon D., Jr., Pfc, Corpus Christi
 MORELAND, David G., Pfc, Houston
 MORENO, Antonio G., Pfc, Corpus Christi
 NORTON, Alan C., Sgt., Mission
 REID, Arthur L., Pfc, Houston
 RODRIGUEZ, Luis, Pfc, Eagle Pass
 ROLLINS, James M., Pfc, Houston
 RUSSELL, Harry E., Pfc, Bayou
 STIDHAM, Henry C., Corp., Tyler
 (Died of wounds)
 STONE, Alfred R., Sgt., Bartram
 THOMAS, Evan L., Pfc, Kingsville
 VOLOTO, Joe C., Pfc, Houston
 WILLIAMS, James F., 1stLt., Wichita Falls
 WILLIAMS, Robert E., Corp., Austin

VIRGINIA
 STABLES, William H., Corp., Narrows

WASHINGTON
 BOSTON, Johnny R. W., Pfc, Tacoma
 JAUSAUD, Wilford A., Corp., Yakima
 PORTER, Allen C., Corp., Vancouver
 ROST, Everett C., Sgt., Spokane
 STEPHENSON, James R., Jr., Pfc, Issaquah

WEST VIRGINIA
 HODGES, Leon L., Pfc, Roncoveite
 THACKER, Roderick E., Pfc, Charleston

WISCONSIN
 GOFF, Frederic J., Jr., 1stLt., Madison
 KIMBALL, Harry C., Corp., Appleton
 MILLER, Robert D., Pfc, Rice Lake
 SUELFLOHN, Roger D., Pfc, Big Smeico
 GIESE, Henry R., Jr., Corp., Racine

WYOMING
 BROWN, Francis R., Pfc, Cheyenne
 MERRITT, John F., Pfc, Laramie

OUTSIDE U. S.
 RIGAU, Carlos J., Pfc, Puerto Rico

BULLETIN BOARD

[continued from page 5]

C. Successful completion of the testing requirement permits the candidate to undergo the selective process. In the lower ranks, local promotion boards assign composite scores to all Marines who have attained passing grades on General Military Subjects Tests. The composite scores consist of numerically weighted values for such elements as proficiency, conduct, service in grade, and overall Marine Corps service. Composite scores are then reported to this Headquarters. Based on allocated vacancies, this Headquarters establishes cutting scores for each occupational field in the ranks of private first class and corporal. Upon receipt of the directive announcing cutting scores, local promotion boards screen for promotion all Marines whose scores are above the announced critical scores.

D. Advancement to the ranks of staff sergeant, technical sergeant, and master sergeant are announced by special order from this Headquarters and are the result of selections by boards of senior officers convened at this Headquarters. All men who have satisfied testing and service in grade requirements are presented to these boards. Where vacancies are available, promotions are authorized at once for selectees. Otherwise, the names certified for staff advancement are placed on promotion rosters, arranged by rank and occupational field, and when vacancies occur their promotions are authorized.

E. For all ranks, the local commanding officer makes the final determination of the Marine's qualification for appointment. Local boards submit names of approved candidates for advancement to corporal and sergeant. The commanding officer may appoint such individuals or reject them on his own determination. If he decides not to appoint a Marine whose promotion to and within the staff grades is authorized by this Headquarters, he must submit the reasons for his action.

F. Certain deviations from the established system have been made necessary by the Korean War. Combat-committed units of the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, have been authorized to effect promotions to the ranks of corporal and sergeant to fill billet vacancies, without regard to normal eligibility requirements. Tests administered during the period 8-31 January 1951 were waived in the Korean area and also for hospitalized Korean evacuees physically unable to take the examinations.

Waiver of future tests for combat units will depend on existing conditions during the testing period.

G. Meritorious promotions are authorized for Marines whose performance in combat over a protracted period justifies accelerated advancement. The basis for recommendation for meritorious promotion is similar to that for award of a Legion of Merit and not for a single act of heroism. Marines recommended for such advancement are considered by a permanent board of officers at this Headquarters.

H. Reductions, other than disciplinary, may be effected for one rank only by commanding generals. Such action is usually based on recommendation by informal boards which may be convened to determine the competence of noncommissioned officers. When such boards are ordered by this Headquarters, the action usually results from receipt of a series of poor or unsatisfactory fitness reports on the noncommissioned officer. Appeal to the Commandant is provided for men whose reduction is recommended, and very careful study is given such appeals. Reduction is covered in Part H, Chapter 9, Marine Corps Manual, and in the New Uniform Code of Military Justice.

I. Outlined below is the promotion schedule which was used to effect the recently announced promotions:

26 March—Board selected sergeants for promotion to staff.

2 April—Board selected staff and technical sergeants for promotion to next higher grades.

14 April—ALMAR announced cutting scores for promotion of corporals and sergeants.

15-31 May—Names of sergeants, staff sergeants, and technical sergeants selected for promotion to higher grades announced by Headquarters Marine Corps.

5-28 July—Summer testing period (commences next promotion cycle).

J. Part F, Chapter 9, Marine Corps Manual, sets forth the basis of the enlisted promotion system. Current supplementary Marine Corps Memoranda and General Orders are: Marine Corps Memoranda No. 109-50, which announced the January, 1951, testing period and which contained authority for waiving tests for combat units; No. 131-50, which established promotion rosters of staff non-commissioned officers selected for promotion but for whom no vacancies were available; No. 2-51, which established current service in grade requirements; No. 24-51, which announced results of January tests and provides the formula for computing composite scores for promotion to corporal and sergeant; General Order No. 83, which provides the basis for the subject matter of General Military Subjects Tests; and Almar 7-51, which extended waiver of January tests to hospitalized Korean evacuees physically unable to take the examinations; and CMC Dispatch 021430 of January, 1951, which amplifies the authority for effecting meritorious promotions. In addition to the above references, a general description of the enlisted promotion system may be found in the March, 1951, *Leatherneck* and the December, 1950, issue of the *Marine Corps Gazette*.

(THE STRAIGHT DOPE will be continued in the August *Leatherneck*)

END



KOREAN LIFE LINE

[continued from page 21]

didn't think the Corps was such a bad outfit. One of them asked Sims what he thought about the subject.

Bob took awhile in answering the question. Maybe he was thinking over the talk he'd had with Sergeant Calvin Fuqua in the Hattiesburg recruiting office just before enlisting. Fuqua hadn't sold Bob a bill of goods at that time, he'd told him about the Corps, using blunt deglamorized words. Sims, although he had no relatives or friends in the Corps, knew therefore what to expect when he signed up for four years the following month. After recruit training, when he went home on leave, he dropped by the post office and paid Fuqua a visit. He told the recruiter at that time that he sure knew what he was talking about.

Too, maybe Sims was considering his job. He tends to deprecate it whenever he speaks about it, but it is apparent that he takes quiet pride in his present work. After a moment, he quietly drawled, "I really don't know whether I'll stay in yet or not. Guess I'll have to wait and see how things go when I get back to the States."

Right now that seems to be the way a large percentage of the Korean war veterans are thinking and talking about the future.

Harry Theologus, looking a little more road worn than he had that morning, came around the front of the truck. He counted the drivers standing in the dimness of early evening, then said, "All right, let's crank 'em up."

The drivers scrambled for the hurricane decks of their rigs and moments later five motors hacked into life. Head lamps flickered on along the line and the lead truck roared out of the compound, its flickering red taillights serving as sort of buoy lights, guiding the other four trucks through the misty seas of night and dust on another "milk run." Average guys doing an average job in the middle of a sub-normal war.

It isn't always that easy. Take the time the boys were fighting their way back from Hagaru-ri and Koto-ri. The drivers' feet froze on their accelerators, their hands so numb they couldn't feel the steering wheels. When they'd stop for a minute, the drivers would sag against the sides of the cab, half-frozen, exhausted. On the trip back to Hamhung, Sims hauled tent stoves and galley equipment and he was pulling a lube trailer. Just before he left Koto-ri a Marine donated seven Chinese prisoners of war to him.



"I beg your pardon, I'm on maneuvers and got lost—
could you direct me to . . . aw, th' hell with it!"

"Look after 'em," the tired Marine said, "and turn 'em in when you get to Hamhung."

Sims did. Every time they'd hit a roadblock Sims would pile out of his cab and force the Chinese up on the lube trailer so he could watch them from a crouched position at the rear of the truck. Alternately, he popped at the attacking enemy and menaced his charges with his rifle. Eventually he got his prisoners and his equipment back to Hamhung, fairly well intact. He loaded 104498 aboard ship, then slept most of the way back to Masan.

At one time, just a scant two months ago, he was on the road 74 consecutive hours without rest, moving troops into a new area.

The drivers get some rest though, when they catch guard duty or command post security watch. Most of the men consider it a real pleasure to pull a week of running guard, then they can do their laundry, write letters and, best of all, they get away from the road for awhile. The personnel situation within the battalion has improved considerably since the landing at Inchon last September. All the drivers have assistant drivers to bear a hand on the long hauls and to relieve them on alternate runs.

The Marines who push the rigs over the division's long supply line are, for

the most part, a youngish crew. Sims, at 22, is older than the average driver in "Charley" Company. It has been found that younger men stand up better under the knocks and strain of driving in Korea.

So they go when the "Man" says go, and they haul anything from bombs to bodies without dissent. Sometimes they do a little more than their share of the work, like the time a handful of motor transport people led by Col. Beall saved the lives of over 300 wounded soldiers stranded on the ice under Chinese guns at the Changjin reservoir. Then they get decorated. There are 30 personal citations in the battalion. Other times they haul their loads through roadblocks or smack into ambushes, then they get Purple Hearts, there are 17 of them in the unit.

A replacement, fresh from Pendleton, endeared himself to the drivers when he reported in the other day. He strode into a tent that was empty except for one driver, sleeping off the effects of an all-night run.

"Man," the new Marine exulted, "you guys in this outfit got it made in the shade."

The old-timer rolled over, looked at the new dungarees and fresh gear the youngster was toting, then growled sleepily:

"Oh, yeah?"

END

FROGMEN

[continued from page 31]



Staples' devotion to his outfit is typical among the Frogmen. Once they have been accepted for the underwater service, the men seem to acquire a fierce desire to remain Frogmen—nothing else.

The UDTs proved themselves during World War II. And now they're adding more proof of their capabilities and value. On Korea's east coast the Navy Frogmen scratched another chapter in the sands of history by taking part in the epic sea withdrawal of UN forces from Hungnam. The Frogmen wouldn't leave the port until they had blown up

its docks and destroyed the harbor buoys. The Chinese didn't get much when they moved in on Hungnam.

In recognition of the Underwater Demolition Teams, 20th Century Fox plans to release a documentary film called "Frogmen." Thirty Navy UDTs provided authenticity as the picture was being filmed at St. Thomas Island. While "on location" the Frogmen demonstrated their unrehearsed reaction to tragedy when it strikes. Nine of the Frogmen were lounging on a beach during off hours when a USAF plane crashed into the harbor. Leaping into a passing automobile, the Frogmen sped to a point near the crash, then swam out to the sinking plane. Their split-second timing was credited for the rescue of three Army colonels and an enlisted man aboard the plane.

All Frogmen are not expert swimmers when they join the UDT but they are unquestionably expert by the time they finish the training. Rugged supervision and long hours in the water take care of that. Just as surprising is the fact that UDT instructors aren't overly interested in speed swimmers. Navy-wise Commander R. A. Hundevadt, Commander of the Little Creek Underwater Demolition Unit Two, says: "We'd rather enlist a powerful man, full of endurance and determination"—a man like Henry Staples, who can stay afloat for 19 hours in the Pacific.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

If the answer to any of the above is affirmative, please give the authority for answer.

Very truly yours,

J. Byron Patrick, Pfc, USMC
Marine Barracks
Naval Station
Annapolis, Md.

● 1. Anyone who has performed service on permanent or temporary duty for a period of 30 consecutive days or 60 non-consecutive days. 2. Stars have been authorized for Inchon Landing—Sept. 13-17, 1950; North Korean Aggression June 27-Nov. 2, 1950; Communist China Aggression Nov. 3, 1950, to date to be announced later. 3. The PUC has been awarded to the First Division, Reinforced, for service in Korea. (See page 60 of this issue). 4. As to rating the Navy Occupation Medal, more information is required. How long were they in Japan before the Korean situation and was it within the terminal date? This information can be found in the manual NavPers 15, 790.—Ed.

SOME CREDIT FOR A PLATOON

Dear Sirs:

I have been in this man's outfit going on six years. I am a regular reader of the *Leatherneck* and I never miss your Sound Off column. Now it is my turn.

In your February edition you had a story in "We—the Marines" about a 4.2 mortar outfit saving the 2d Bn. 7th Marines. C. P. Well, you know the old saying, "Give credit where credit is due." No doubt they did help defend the area. But if you have the whole story, I think the 1st Platoon, B Company, 1st Bn., 7th Marines played a big part in repulsing numerous attacks on the C. P. We were dug in on the hill overlooking the C. P. When the first attacks came a little after midnight we drew back to high ground and consolidated our positions, which the Chinese could not penetrate. You do not have to take my word for it, but if you can get in touch with Lieutenant Ryan, the adjutant of the 2d Bn., he will give you the straight scoop. It was through him that Pfc Marty of "B" Company, First Platoon received the Silver Star at Yudanni for action that took place at "Nightmare Alley." So if you can see your way to publishing this article you would make about 39 Marines a lot happier.

Yours truly,

Richard M. Lisota
Co "B," 1st Bn., 7th Mar
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Is everybody happy?—Ed.



Leatherneck Magazine

"I'm supposed to replace you"

Sky lines



Edited by MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.



The Convair Turboliner is America's first turbo-prop transport. Built for Allison, the plane is equipped with two 2750 hp turbo-prop engines

The General Electric Co. announced recently that it would establish a vast aircraft jet engine and turbo-prop test development and production center at Lockland, Ohio, to meet the military needs for G.E. engines. C. W. LaPierre, manager of the company's Gas Turbine Division, disclosed that stepped-up production will be achieved by: 1. More than tripling the space now occupied by G.E. in the large Lockland plant through purchase, lease and new construction. 2. Establishing facilities for the manufacture of jet engine components at Lockland. These components have previously been manufactured by some 280 subcontractors throughout the United States. 3. Greatly increasing the present jet engine assembly operation by increasing capacity for the manufacture of components of subcontractors.

The need for cooling the cockpits of high speed fighters at sea level is as important as pressurizing and heating it at high altitudes. In a jet flying at 600 mph at sea level, the temperature of the cockpit, unless air conditioned, could well rise to 190 degrees F. Of this total, 50 per cent would be

generated by friction of the airplane's skin with the air, 40 per cent by radiation of the sun, 5 per cent by the electrical equipment and 5 per cent by the pilot's own body heat. The problem of providing cooling or heating air for jet fighter cockpits is met by three basic units of the air conditioning system. They are a heat exchanger which resembles the radiator of an automobile in appearance and function; the turbine wheel, and a fan, mounted on the same shaft as the turbine. Several feet of lightweight aluminum tubing, 1½ inches in diameter, and a simple control valve regulate the unit. Warm air from the engine and cold air from outside are taken in and after being processed, are passed into the cockpit keeping the temperatures normal.

Completion of plant defense organization plans at Lockheed Aircraft in Burbank, Calif., was announced recently by Courtland S. Gross. These defense measures are purely of a precautionary nature and have been designed to tie in with comparable civil defense plans now being made by local, state and federal agencies.

MARINES IN ETO

Dear Sir:

I have had an argument with another fellow about Marines in the European Theatre of World War II.

Could you please send me information concerning this matter?

I am an ex-Marine and a subscriber to the *Leatherneck*. It's really and truly a wonderful part of the Corps.

Yours truly

R. H. Hamilton
508 W. Gayle

Edna, Texas

● *Marines did serve in the ETO; aboard ships of the fleet, some on OSS duty, and a few members with Public Information. No FMF units saw service there, other than the Iceland Brigade in 1941 and 1942.—Ed.*



A 4.2 MORTARMAN SPEAKS

Sirs:

I am an ardent reader of *Leatherneck*. I have just finished reading the January issue. Your article on Inchon and Seoul are quite factual, yet in your descriptions of the battering of Seoul's Changdok Palace you only mention artillery and air support. Our eight guns poured in at least eight hundred rounds in support of the 2d Battalion, 1st Marines. We fired practically all night before and after the infantry jumped-off. In fact, most of Seoul's destruction was dealt by our relentless barrages. For three days and nights we stopped firing only to move closer to the enemy.

We realize the 4.2 mortar is new to the Corps, yet we feel left out when we get no write-ups. Our mortar has proved to be one of the most valued new weapons here in Korea. We pack twice as much TNT as a 105-mm. and can fire almost three times as fast.

I hope this letter will bring recognition to all the 4.2's in the division.

Sincerely,
Pfc R. T. Landry

Korea.

● *We hope it brings the 4.2's recognition, too. It's a fine weapon.—Ed.*

TURN PAGE

PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION...

... is awarded to the First Marine Division,
Reinforced, for services in Korea

THE Presidential Unit Citation has been awarded the First Marine Division, Reinforced, for service in Korea from September 15, to October 11, 1950, during the Inchon-Seoul campaign.

The citation, approved by the Secretary of the Navy, will include the reinforcing units. It will be issued later.

It is the fourth such award of the blue, gold and red horizontal striped ribbon to the First Marine Division. Previous awards were for the Guadalcanal, Peleliu and Okinawa campaigns.

Many Marines who participated in the Inchon-Seoul fighting have been returned to the United States and may wear the ribbon with bronze star.

The citation reads: "For extraordinary heroism in action against enemy forces in Korea during the period 15 September to 11 October 1950. In the face of a determined enemy and against almost insurmountable obstacles presented by disadvantageous tidal and beach conditions on the Western coast of Korea, the First Marine Division (Reinforced) pressed to a rapid and

completely successful conclusion the amphibious seizure of Inchon, Korea, in an operation unparalleled in the history of amphibious warfare. The precarious situation of friendly ground units already committed against a numerically superior enemy in southern Korea made mandatory the planning and execution of this extremely hazardous amphibious operation within a period of less than thirty days. With full recognition of the vital need for rapid and effective aid to friendly forces being subjected to continued heavy pressure by a relentless enemy and realizing the military importance of its assigned target, the Division moved rapidly into action with incomparable vigor and professional skill. By executing three separate but superbly coordinated amphibious attacks over highly treacherous beach approaches against a prepared enemy on 15 September 1950, the Division recaptured the island of Wolmi-Do, the city of Inchon, Kimpo Airfield and made possible and assisted in the recapture of the Republic of Korea capi-

tal city of Seoul from enemy hands. The Division's aggressive attack drove the enemy in hasty retreat over thirty miles within ten days, completely severed vital enemy lines of communication and supply, greatly relieved enemy pressure on other friendly ground units, made possible the breakout of friendly units from their Pusan beachhead and resulted in the complete destruction of enemy ground forces in southern Korea. The havoc and destruction wrought by the Division on an enemy flushed with previous victories is irrefutable evidence of the individual heroism and professional skill of its officers and men. Consummate planning and unquestioned will to attack against superior odds, were vividly demonstrated by the First Marine Division in the seizure of Inchon and Seoul. The Division's vast accomplishments in completely turning the tide of battle in what, of necessity, had been previously a defensive action by friendly forces is in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service." **END**

SOUND OFF (cont.)

TENT DISCUSSION(?)

Sirs:

For some time now the men in my tent have been discussing(?) the reason for the Army's wearing their ties inside their shirts. Can you give us the straight of this?

Also, if it is possible, can you straighten us out on this collection of points?

1. Why does the Army wear ties inside shirts?
2. Why the red stripe on the Marine NCO blues?
3. Why the Navy and Air Force wear their stripes inverted?
4. What ribbons or decorations does the 1st Marine Division rate for this action? (Korea)

As you can see the Corps hasn't changed—the age-old service arguments still hold the floor.

Thank you,

Corp. E. H. Tate,
1st Motor Trans Bn, 1st Mar Div
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● 1. It's just a neat way of holding the tie. 2. According to the "Guidebook for Marines"—after the Mexican War the stripes were adopted supposedly to commemorate the battle of Chapultepec; 3. To be different. All chevrons were inverted at one time and stem from the British Army and Navy Uniforms that have always influenced American uniform design; 4. So far—only the Korean ribbon, light blue and white, and the PUC for the Inchon Landing.—Ed.

WORLD WAR II VICTORY MEDAL

Dear Ed:

In this letter, my first to "Sound Off"

I would like some information on the WW II Victory Medal.

I have heard that the WW II Victory Medal was last issued in the latter part of August, 1948.

I would like to know if I rate this medal. I enlisted in the Marine Corps on May 5, 1948. Could you possibly give me this information?

Name withheld by request

● No—You do not rate the medal.
—Ed.

* * *

POCKETS ON THE BLUES, TSKI TSKI

Dear Sir:

I recently observed a television program in which six Marines participated. I noted that these men were wearing a new design of dress uniform, that is, there were pockets in the blouses.

One of my neighbors is a retired Marine and I mentioned the fact that

TURN PAGE

our dress uniform had been changed. He would not believe that the old dress blues would ever be changed.

If you would be so kind as to send me the specifications for the new dress uniforms it would help me settle a friendly dispute.

Very truly yours,
Edward L. Livermore
SgtMaj., FMCR
RE #2

Oberlin, Ohio

● *Uniform regulations concerning pockets are: the enlisted dress coat will have two pleated breast pockets with pointed flaps and lower bellows type pockets with pointed flaps. The authority for this change came about in early 1947.*
—Ed.

UNIT PATCHES

Dear Sir:

My question is: Could you please tell me why the Marine Corps doesn't wear "Divisional Patches"? I have noticed it is the only service that does not. I think the Marines are one of the best outfits and therefore I don't understand this one letdown. Please answer.

Sincerely,
Mrs. R. W. Patton

Holly Ridge, N. C.

● *Unit patches were discarded by the Marine Corps shortly after WW II. The reason at the time was that Marine loyalty and pride should be for the whole Corps and not for one division or air wing.*

However, now that the Marine Corps has expanded and we again have units in combat we believe there are real psychological and morale reasons for returning the patches. Men who have served or are serving in FMF or Fleet units need some means of identification. We would like to see the patches back again.—Ed.—Pub.

FEBRUARY COVER

I'm just a poor recruiting Sergeant, trying to explain to the applicants your February Cover of *Leatherneck*. This shows a 105 mm delivering another round to the Reds, yet snow remains on the muzzle, and other parts of the gun which would have been either melted or kicked off by heat and recoil wouldn't it?

The three men look as if they had just been told to watch the birdie: what do I tell them?

Yours truly,

MSgt Carl S. Johnson

Burbank, California

● *Tell them it could have been the first round fired on an early morning target. Besides, it was very cold in Korea then.*—Ed.

TURN PAGE

CAPT. JIMMY BONES

[continued from page 44]

"Said Jimmie Bones, 'Now that ain't all I'm going to leave you do; Them things is just light duty, but There is heavy duty, too.' The Kaiser threw up both his mitts. 'You win,' that's all he said. He gave a yell that was heard in hell, And then keeled over dead."

The old Top Sergeant paused awhile To hear if some would doubt; He sneezed a sneeze; the stoves grew cold

The window panes fell out. He rolled himself a cigarette From sweepings off the floor, And lit it with his flaming eye, And then resumed once more.

"Now German spies sent word to France

That Jimmie Bones was dead; And all his hundred Devil Dogs Was slaughtered, too, they said, The women weeped a lot of weeps The men felt pretty sad; And all of them were mourning 'cause The shock had hit 'em bad.

"The cook was boiling coffee up From just a chunk of meat; Said he, 'If they is dead or not They'll be back here to eat.' The world will never see the time Marines had met defeat; They would have gone to hell to cut Off Kaiser Bill's retreat.

"A sentry sighted Jimmie's men A-coming o'er the hill, And dragging on behind 'em What was left of Kaiser Bill. And when they reached old Paris, They was met with yells and cheers, And showers of gold enough to last 'Em all a thousand years.

"They hung a million medals on Old Jimmie and his crew, And when they took 'em off they had A barrel full or two. And ever after that each lived Just like a billionaire; They never answered reveille Or heard a bugle blare.

"And all they done was bunk fatigue From then for evermore; And when they died, they went above And knocked at heaven's door. Old Peter came down to the porch And shouted, 'Halt, who's there?' 'United States Marines,' said Jim, 'First here and everywhere.'

"So Peter let the whole bunch in, Along with Captain Jim, And each one grabbed themselves a harp And sung the Marine hymn. And ever after that each stood His guard on heaven's green, And nary a German has got past The brave U. S. Marine."

The old Top Sergeant heaved a sigh That raised the bunkhouse roof, And those that sat too close to him Were blown ten feet aloof. He cut the sling from off a gun, And took a three-foot chew, And where he spat the floor gave way And hell came boiling through.

Then from the fiery pit there rose A corporal of the guard; His face was sunk, his flesh was iron, His look was twice as hard. Said he, "The detail's still intact Around the brimstone floods, The devil's peeling onions and The Kaiser's peeling spuds."

The old Top Kicker knit his brow; Said he, "All right, that's well; But when you've finished with that job, They'll start to coal up hell. And if them billion tons ain't in Before they shut an eye, I'll run 'em up 'fore Jimmie Bones, And let 'em tell him why."

The corporal turned and leaped head on Down through that fiery mass; The floor closed up, the bunkhouse swayed With clouds of molten mass. The Top arose, the lights went out, Taps sounded, came the rain, A chill swept through the room and he Was never seen again.



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has nothing on these
fine platters . . .

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

AN EX-RECRUITING SERGEANT GIVES US THE WORD

Dear Sir:

I feel that I may be one of the persons most capable of answering the two items in the February issue of the *Leatherneck* concerning the mobilization of the Reserves for the following reasons. In 1947 I was a recruiting sergeant in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and at that time the Corps had a big drive underway for the enlistment of inactive

Reserves. Well, I, under direct instructions from the main office, delivered into the Corps a number of these unsuspecting Reserves with the same phrase "You will not be called except in time of war or national emergency."

Come time for my discharge and I believed the "not-being-called clause," so I enlisted myself in the inactive Reserves. That was my fatal mistake because came Korea (a United Nations POLICE Action) no war or national emergency is declared but the Marine Corps doesn't pay any attention to that, they call us anyway. Now I am suffer-

ing the same fate as my former clientele. Perhaps some of my former contacts wished this on me for the fate I led them into.

Now I believe it is time for the Marine Corps to make its defense on why it called up against the express warranty, we gave for the Marine Corps and also the written guarantee that is part of the enlistment contract itself.

I want my discharge by reason of breach of contract on part of the Marine Corps. And when I get out this time I will never ever believe my own stories about the Marine Corps or the Marine Corps Reserve. It's taken me eight years to learn the meaning of Semper Fidelis.

Robert S. Gray
SSgt., USMCR

Camp Joseph H. Pendleton
Oceanside, Calif.

● A good salesman believes in his product. However, in your case you didn't know all there was to know about the product you were selling, and we suppose a lot of other Recruiting Sergeants didn't either. But in this case, the enlisting of Marine Corps Reserves either active or inactive, responsibility rests equally on the shoulders of the enlistee's and the Recruiting Sergeants. Ignorance of the law or the state of the nation is no excuse for anyone to request discharge. For your information and those who enlisted under this ignorance, the two states of emergency declared by late President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1939 and 1940 have never been declared over. This is how President Harry S. Truman has retained so many of his wartime powers.—Ed.

A MISTAKE

Dear Editor:

The recent motion picture, "Halls of Montezuma," with Richard Widmark, made a few mistakes which reflect on the Marine Corps. Very noticeable was the scene where Widmark was in the hospital and in came this corporal with Pfc chevrons. I know it is possible that he was just promoted but he only had on one Pfc chevron. Things like that shouldn't be allowed in the movies if it is so enforced throughout the Marine Corps. Someone should wise Hollywood up. Don't you agree?

Yours truly,
Pfc Eddie A. Gee,
Service Company

Parris Island, S. C.

● Sorry, Pfc Gee, but we can't agree with you in this case. The movie was correct in showing only one chevron at the particular time it did. For a short while during World War II from September 9, 1942, to April 16, 1945, it was correct to wear chevrons on the left arm only.—Ed.

END



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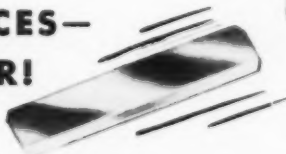
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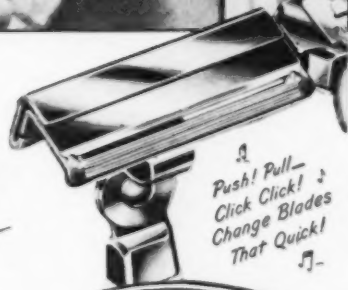


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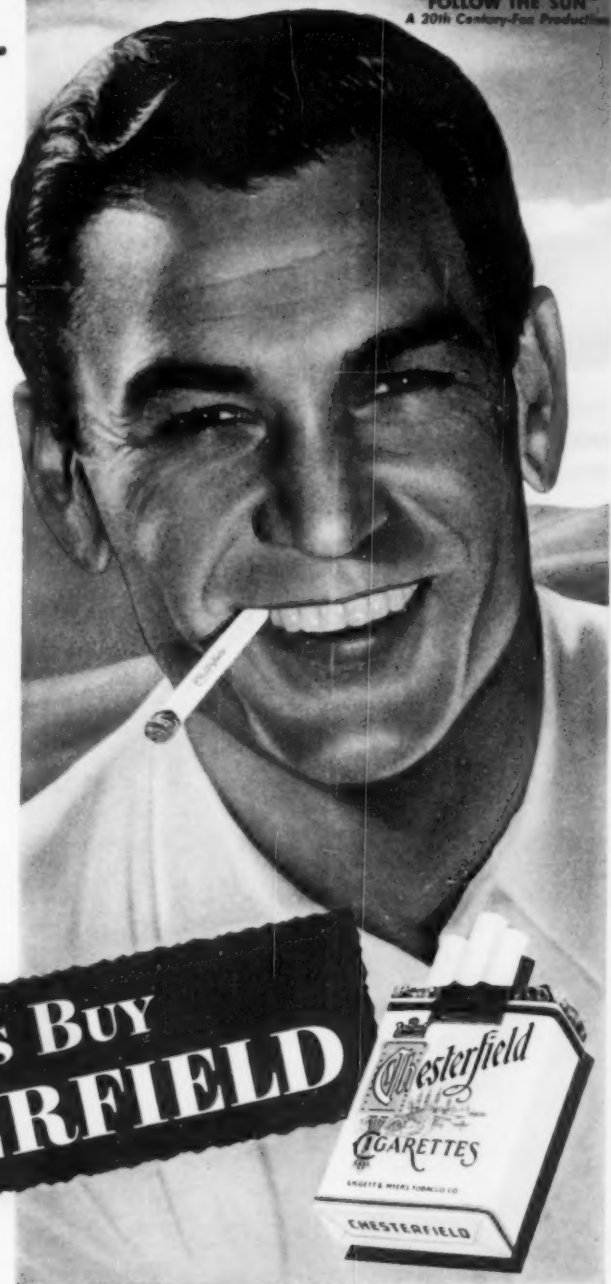
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